No. 2778
Vol. CCXIV.

Fit "TripleX" Regd - and be safe

THE SKETCH
MARCH 28, 1951

2/-

The Sketch

McVITIE & PRICE
Biscuits of Highest Quality
EDINBURGH • LONDON • MANCHESTER

A cup of
HARDEN'S CEYLON TEA
—*"just what the* DOCTOR *ordered"*
HARDEN BROS. & LINDSAY LTD., 121 CANNON STREET, LONDON, E.C.4

BY APPOINTMENT
ENAMEL AND VARNISH MANUFACTURERS
TO THE LATE KING GEORGE V.
PARIPAN
ENAMEL
"The more you wash it, the better it looks."
BRITISH OWNED AND BRITISH MADE.
PARIPAN LIMITED LONDON.

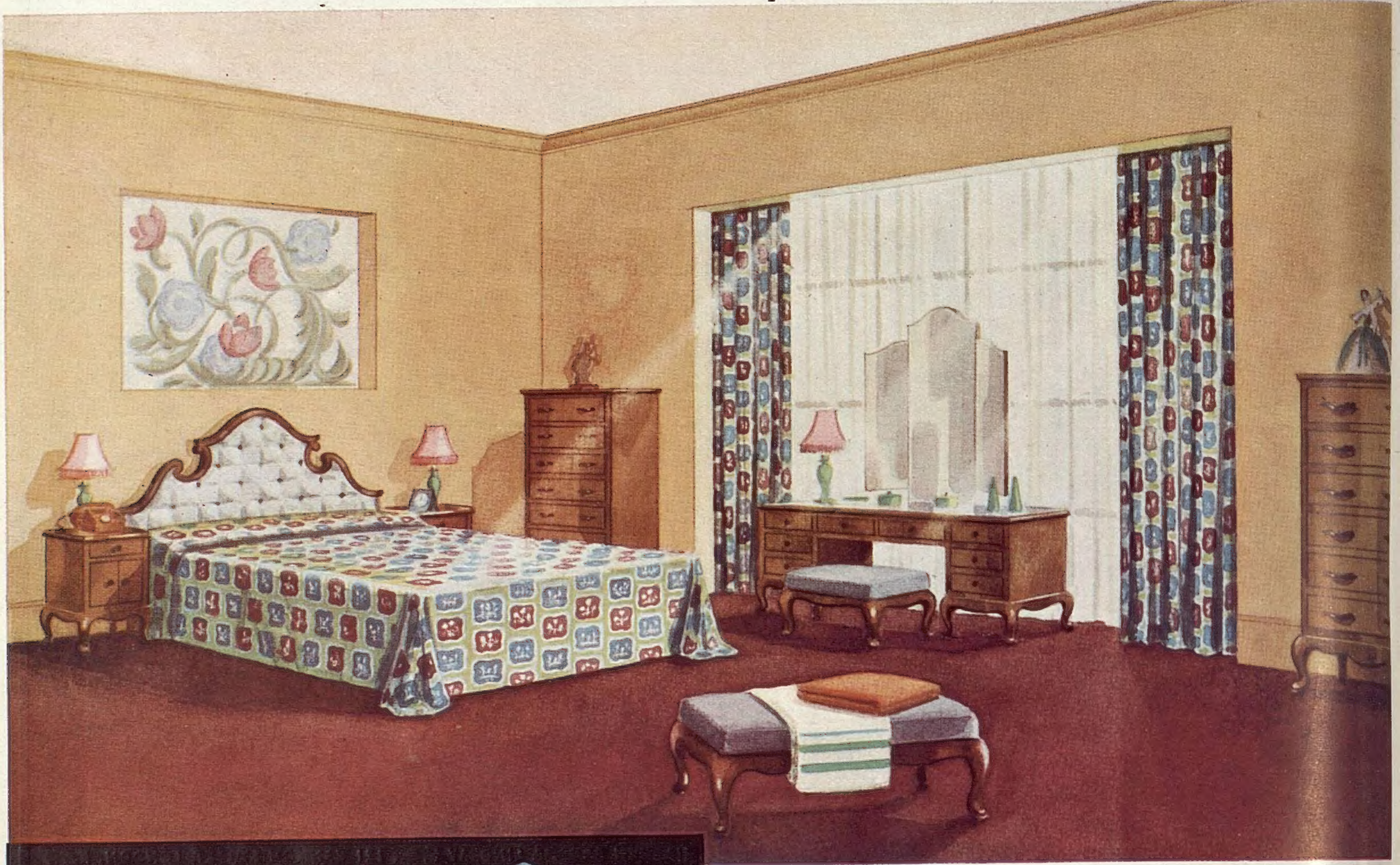
By Appointment Cyder Makers to
H.M. KING GEORGE VI H.M. QUEEN MARY
William Gaymer & Son Ltd., Attleborough & London
Gaymer's
CYDER
Famous for over 300 years

WETHERALL
bond st sportsclothes
cleverchange fourway (belted) topcoat
breathlessly smart handtailored saddlestitched
worn tie or buckle belted half or unbelted
royal patent designed 554368. USA 723347 wetherall house, bond street, w1

ALL CLASSES OF INSURANCE TRANSACTED
MOTOR UNION INSURANCE COMPANY, LTD.
10 ST. JAMES'S STREET, LONDON, S.W.1.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES (12 months, including postage): Inland £2 : 19 : 9 Canada £2 : 11 : 0 Elsewhere Abroad £2 : 13 : 0

Horrockses REGD. *the Greatest Name in Cotton*



Yes, they are all made by Horrockses—leaders in this field since 1791 ...The lovely fine textured sheets so smooth and cool in white, and also pastel shades ... The long wearing towels that ensure years of service are also available in a variety of designs and colours ... and the furnishing fabrics, up to the minute in design and in a wide range of colours. Once you've tried them you'll know why you cannot beat Horrockses for both quality *and* value.

HORROCKSES, CREWDSON & CO. LTD., PRESTON · MANCHESTER · BOLTON · LONDON

Away from it all

in the midst of plenty

fly to

sunny Scandinavia

for your holiday

Fly—the *ideal* mode of travel—to Denmark, Norway and Sweden, the *ideal* holiday Countries—no queueing, no fuss. Scandinavia offers everything for the perfect holiday; friendly people, abundance of food, unforgettable scenery, and every possible recreation in a warm and sunny climate; only a few hours away by S A S.

Bookings through your usual Travel Agency.

FLY SAS

SCANDINAVIAN AIRLINES SYSTEM

Where every prospect pleases

Delightful surroundings, perfect service, good company . . . the Palace Cocktail Bar, a pleasant rendezvous with a congenial atmosphere.

Write for Brochure 'F' *Manager:* George Conquest

PHONE: TORQUAY 2271

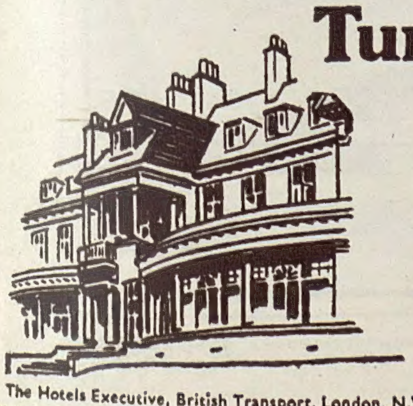
The Palace Hotel Torquay

LAKE COMO (Italy) IS THE IDEAL PLACE FOR YOUR HOLIDAY

Social and Sporting Events—Sunny Resorts—Bathing—Boating—Two 18-hole Golf Courses

CONSIDERABLE REDUCTION IN THE PRICES OF PETROL FOR FOREIGN MOTORISTS IN ITALY

For information: ITALIAN STATE TOURIST OFFICE (ENIT)
1 Conduit Street, London, W.1
Ente Provinciale Turismo, COMO and all Travel Agencies

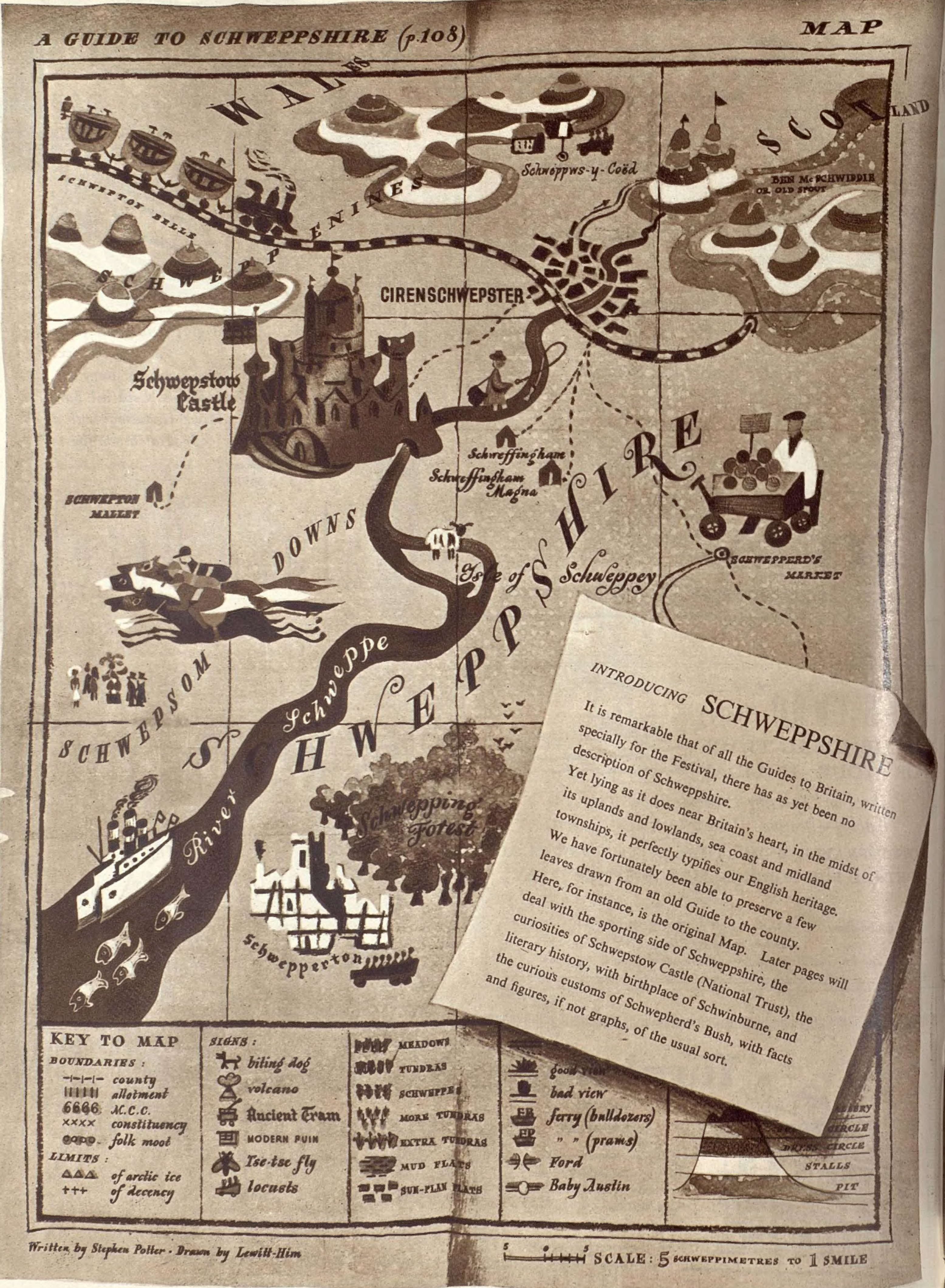


Turnberry
HOTEL
AYRSHIRE

Scotland's famous seaside resort, open throughout the year. The full 18 holes of the famous Ailsa Golf Course will be open for play from Whitsun.

Enquiries for accommodation will receive the personal attention of the Resident Manager.

The Hotels Executive, British Transport, London, N.W.1


A GUIDE TO SCHWEPPSHIRE (p.108)
MAP
WALES
SCOTLAND
SCHWEPPENINES
SCHWEPTON BELLS
Schweppws-y-Coëd
BEN McSCHWIDDIE OR OLD SPOUT
CIRENSCHWEPSTER
Schwepstow Castle
Schweffingham
Schweffingham Magna
SCHWEPPSHIRE
SCHWEPTON MALLET
DOWNS
Isle of Schweppey
SCHWEPPERD'S MARKET
SCHWEPSOM DOWNS
River Schweppe
Schwepping Forest
Schwepperton
INTRODUCING SCHWEPPSHIRE
It is remarkable that of all the Guides to Britain, written specially for the Festival, there has as yet been no description of Schweppshire.
Yet lying as it does near Britain's heart, in the midst of its uplands and lowlands, sea coast and midland townships, it perfectly typifies our English heritage.
We have fortunately been able to preserve a few leaves drawn from an old Guide to the county.
Here, for instance, is the original Map. Later pages will deal with the sporting side of Schweppshire, the curiosities of Schwepstow Castle (National Trust), the literary history, with birthplace of Schwinburne, and the curious customs of Schwepherd's Bush, with facts and figures, if not graphs, of the usual sort.
KEY TO MAP
BOUNDARIES :
county
allotment
M.C.C.
constituency
folk moot
LIMITS :
of arctic ice
of decency
SIGNS :
biting dog
volcano
Ancient Tram
MODERN RUIN
Tse-tse fly
locusts
MEADOWS
TUNDRAS
SCHWEPPES
MORE TUNDRAS
EXTRA TUNDRAS
MUD FLATS
SUN-PLAN FLATS
bad view
ferry (bulldozers)
" " (prams)
Ford
Baby Austin
CIRCLE
DRESS CIRCLE
STALLS
PIT
Written by Stephen Potter · Drawn by Lewitt-Him
SCALE: 5 SCHWEPPIMETRES TO 1 SMILE

The Sketch

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 28, 1951

NADIA GRAY . . .

co-stars with David Farrar in *Night Without Stars*, due for its première at the Leicester Square Theatre on April 12. This red-headed star of Bucharest, Paris, and London is of Russian descent, and is a considerable linguist. She has played in Paris with Noël Coward in *Present Laughter*, and has taken leading parts in modern French, English and American productions. She is just back from Norway, where she has been filming *Valley of the Eagles*.

Photographed by Dr. S. D. Jouhar.

HARBINGERS OF SPRING

Sketch-Book

BEVERLEY BAXTER

I AM writing these words on a Monday morning, having just returned to town from a week-end spent in the country. On Saturday and Sunday we sogged our way around the Berkshire golf-course, slogging the soaked earth with our clubs until it oozed fresh tears while our boots sank into the morass. For it was spring, the merry, merry spring and ring-time.

The mists hung low and the fine drizzle of the rain seeped down our necks, and no doubt brought a ruddy glow to our cheeks. Not a bud was to be seen, not a leaf. It was spring and it was England.

This morning a sardonic sun like a piece of lemon is hovering in the cloud-bespattered sky. Outside the window are the naked branches of my giant pear-tree, and two pigeons have kept their assignation. But there is no coquetry going on. They just stay on the branch and talk about the weather. Now they have parted. Winter is still in their blood, nor can this liverish sunlight persuade them that spring is here.

Yet one of these days the gods will relent and spring will be bustin' out all over. And such is the capacity of human nature to forget that we shall shed the winter of our discontent and vow that there is no place like England.

When Ivor Novello wrote the words of his song "We 'll Gather Lilacs in the Spring Again," he not only expressed his own gentle philosophy, but gave emphasis to the eternal faith that is in all of us. He did not live to see this year's spring, but the lilacs will come again and will embalm his memory with their beauty and their fragrance.

A great number, a sad number, of theatrical folk have died in the last two years, but Ivor Novello's death was more than a news-story. His gentleness had won him a kingdom of hearts. Truly he could say that he made no one's life harder because he had passed this way. Instead, he brought fragrance and melody to lives that were drab.

I do not believe that he had no warnings or premonitions of death. At Jamaica he was very subdued and his face was drawn and weary, although he was resting in the kindly sun. It is

a pity that he did not attempt to scale the heights as a composer, for he had a skilled musicianship, but perhaps if he had reached too high he would have lost contact with his faithful followers.

Just one word more. On the day that his death was announced, I ran into Louis Golding at the bottom of Hamilton Terrace, and we stopped to discuss the sad news. " It was the plateau that killed him," said Golding epigrammatically. For a moment I thought he meant the plateau on which Ivor's house rested in Jamaica, but then he went on : " For a man to have to maintain his place on the plateau of success is one of the most gruelling things in life. It wears the nerves and breaks the spirit. The thing that keeps a man alive is the eternal climb up and up and up."

HERBERT MORRISON would no doubt subscribe to that philosophy. Whatever our politics, we have to admit that his is a life-story that warms the imagination. As a baby he lost an eye when he was a few days old. His father was a policeman, poorly paid, and it is unlikely that there was anyone to help the mother of the infant boy. Something happened, and Herbert says no more than that.

When conscription came in the 1914 war he demanded exemption as a conscientious objector. Lacking an eye he would have been automatically exempt, but he wanted to make a political gesture. When he became Home Secretary in the Hitler war we had a chat one day together, and I asked him whether, if it were possible to relive the past, he would again choose to be a conscientious objector. " I don't think so," he said.

If we wish him well at the Foreign Office we do no more than wish well to ourselves. Morrison has the perky humour of the Cockney, plus a streak of ruthlessness and a mind which enjoys a remarkable degree of clarity. He will try hard to pierce the curtain that hides Russia from the civilised world. When one considers that three or four years ago he suffered from a thrombosis and thought seriously that he would have to retire from political life, his rise to the Foreign Secretaryship is a remarkable achievement.

There has never been a plateau in his life. He has always been on the way up or the way down. It may be that soon he will be on the way out—and I shall shed no crocodile tears if that happens. But at least he will be able to say that the policeman's son travelled far and travelled hopefully.

THE recent importations from Broadway remind us that there is a fortune for the man who can write lyrics for musical comedies. When Oscar Hammerstein was over here for the production of *Carousel* he was good enough to send me his book on the subject, and no one can deny that he is well-equipped to write it. But after listening to some of the lyrics in current American musicals, I have decided that the task is not as difficult as it may seem to the uninitiated.

With apologies to Cole Porter, I suggest that the following seems the way to fame and fortune in this particular sphere of human activity :

It 's too darn cold.
It 's too darn cold.
You 're full of gin
So come right in.
It 's too darn cold.

It 's too darn cold,
It 's too darn cold.
If you ain't my baby
Then it 's never maybe
It 's too darn cold.

This can go on for as long as you like, but the last verse must not leave the listener in the slightest doubt as to the intentions of the number. So here is how it should end :

It 's too darn cold,
It 's too darn cold.
It 's as cold as gold,
It 's as cold as mould.
It 's cold. It 's cold.
It 's cold. It 's cold.
It 's too DARN cold."

The seraphic faces of the audience show their delight as much as their ecstatic applause. Take, for example, the opening stanza of that enormous Sinatra success called " Good-night, Irene." Here it is :

Irene, good-night,
Irene, good-night.
Good-night, Irene,
Good-night, Irene,
I 'll see you in my dream.

There 's money in this, I can assure you. Gone are the days when composers set music to poems like " Come into the Garden, Maud," with its accurate description of a black bat's departure. The fashion now is to get one phrase and stick to it. But do not send your efforts to me. I shall be writing my own.

BY the time this number of *The Sketch* appears, Easter will have come and gone. To many it is the first escape of the year, and they make for the Continent like children out of school. The tables at Le Touquet will show the indomitable British chancing their luck and contriving to make their holiday allowance of francs last out like the squares at Waterloo.

Others will seek the sun and the zephyrs in the South of France. Blue skies, yellow sands, golden sunlight—unless, of course, there is a mistral. Officially it never rains. It is only the mistral.

If luck is with me I shall travel there for a short sojourn, but such is the cantankerousness of the human spirit that, having arrived, my mind will probably return sentimentally to a week-end in February when I went to Scotland to speak for Sir Thomas Moore, who sits in the Tory interest for Ayr. On the Saturday at Prestwick we played golf in a wind that threatened to pick up the clubhouse and hurl it far out to sea. The temperature was bitingly cold, and we could hardly see for the tears in our eyes. But we struggled forward and thumped the ball as best we could. On we went across the sandy links, with frozen hands and streaming eyes, until at last I had a 3-ft. putt to tie the match. Many a time and oft have I missed a 3-footer, but never before have I missed the ball. A gust of wind sent me staggering back like a British heavyweight, and I struck helplessly at the ball when it was two yards away.

But how cheery it was to join the good companions by the fire in the clubhouse and to partake of the wine of Scotland in abundant draughts. No woman profanes the sacred rooms of Old Prestwick, for in Scotland men are men. Our talk around the fire was of bloody wars that were and bloody wars to come. Not one of them but at some time had fought in action against the King's enemies, and they are ready to fight again. In their presence I felt my own martial ardour reviving, which shows what Scotch whisky and a Scotch gale can do.

And when luncheon was over and a pleasant drowsiness came over me—a drowsiness which deepened in satisfaction as the clubhouse shook and shivered in the wind—my opponent said : " Well. Shall we start ? " For a moment I thought he meant that we should start for home. But this was Scotland ! Out we went on the first tee again and the gale shrieked with ironic laughter. Yard by yard, sometimes inch by inch, we fought our way to the outer reaches, like North Pole explorers determined to get there or die.

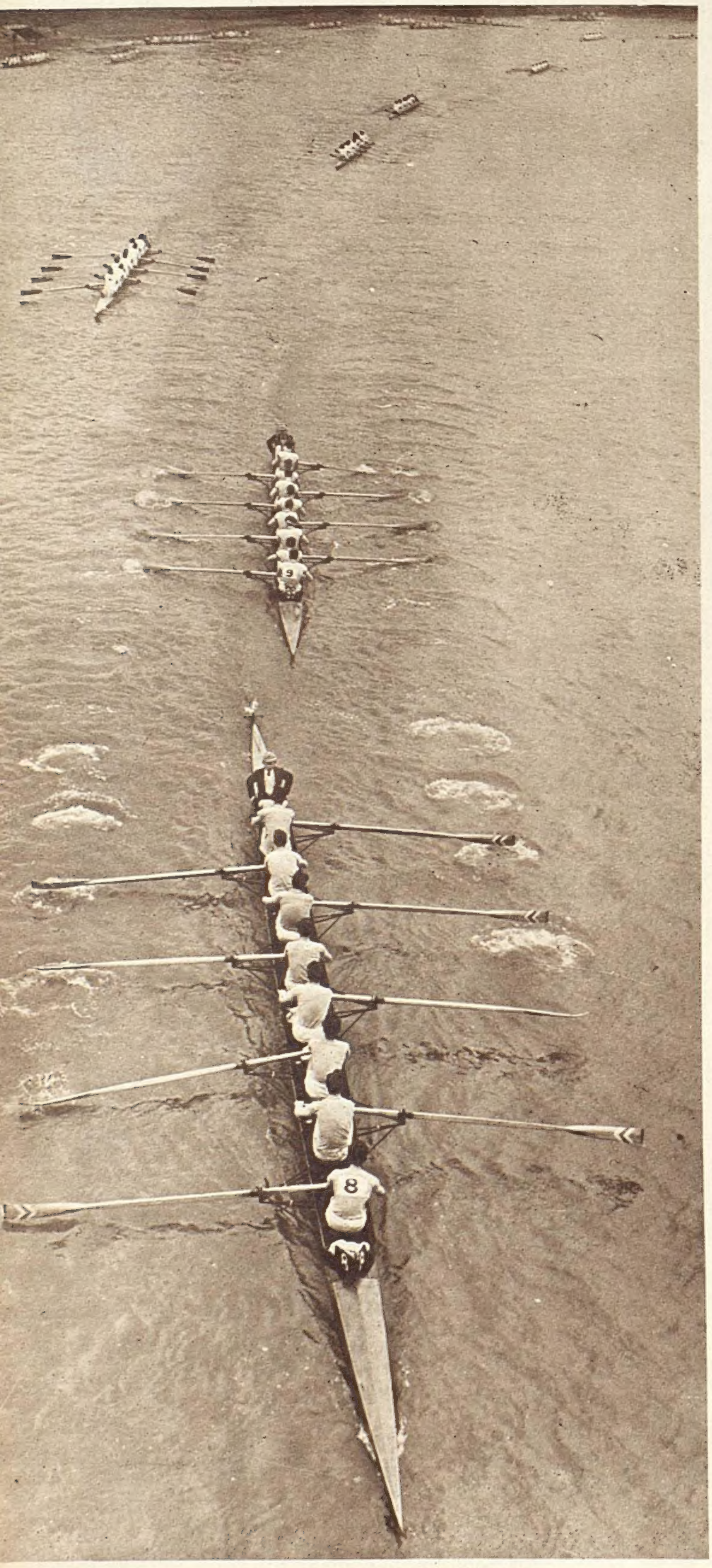
No wonder the Scots play a dominating rôle in British affairs completely disproportionate to their number. The sun is never their undoing. In wind and rain and blizzard and snow is the Scottish character born.

BLESS my soul ! The lemonish sun has become a golden orange. The birds are chattering excitedly and the branches of the pear-tree are trembling with some secret ecstasy. If this keeps up it will only be a day or so before that solitary crocus will appear at the end of my garden : that lonely, lovely messenger of spring.

Beverley Baxter

Illustrated by Martin Aitchison.

A record number of crews competed in the Head of the River race, over a course the reverse of that taken by the Universities in the Boat Race. Princess Elizabeth attended to start the race.



After starting the Head of the River race—seen in progress—the Princess drove to Putney to watch the leading crews finish.

From the launch *Enchantress* the Princess was helped ashore by Bert Barry, former world professional sculling champion, who was wearing his red Doggett's coat and badge.

H.R.H. paid a five-and-a-half-hours visit the day before to Cheltenham, and toured its famous College. Here she is seen in the grounds with the headmaster, Mr. A. G. Elliot-Smith.

ROYAL WEEK-

AS her two last official engagements before leaving for Malta, Princess Elizabeth started the popular Head of the River race at Mortlake, and, the day before, accompanied by the Duke of Beaufort, Lord Lieutenant of Gloucestershire, and the Duchess, she visited Cheltenham and its College.

Princess Margaret chatted to John Boulting, producer of the Festival feature film, *The Magic Box*, at Elstree.

The Queen inspected replica of William Friese-Greene's first ciné-camera. Centre is producer John Boulting, with Princess Margaret, and Robert Donat (Friese-Greene in the film).

In the studio of Associated British Pictures: the Queen and the Princess (seated next to Sir Michael Balcon) with others of the party who watched the film in production.

END OCCASIONS

THE Queen, with Princess Margaret, visited the studio of Associated British Pictures at Elstree, to see scenes shot for the Festival film, *The Magic Box*. The Royal visitors were shown a copy of the original motion-picture camera of William Friese-Greene, on whose life the story of the film is based.

Actress Janette Scott went to talk with the Queen and Princess Margaret during the Royal visit to the studios.

PRESS CONFERENCE — PLAIN AND COLOURED

COULD it be that approach to a problem may be affected by the clothes you wear? Observe the British at a Press conference, soberly-clad, intent, sitting sedate while, no doubt, the rain comes down in buckets outside. Then turn to the Americans, whose staggeringly brilliant sports shirts beat by a long head that worn by their President in informal conference. And mark well the sunshine. Our newspapers are all that different, too.

Date-Book (Our Social Diary)

MARCH 5.

UNIVERSITY FLIERS.—Cambridge University Air Squadron held annual dinner at the University Arms Hotel. Chief of Air Staff Sir John Slessor chatted with Squadron personnel.

MARCH 7.

TWO PARTIES ; ONE GALLERY.—At Redfern Gallery two packed Private View cocktail parties merged, for three painters : W. B. Henderson (gouaches and oils), Cecil Michaelis (pastels), and Australian Douglas Annand (water-colours). In the picture : Miss Nina Leclerq and the Hon. John Willoughby.

UNIVERSITY FLIERS.

TWO PARTIES ; ONE GALLERY.

MARCH 7.

SIMMONDS — TRESEDER-GRIFFIN WEDDING.—At Holy Trinity, Brompton, Mr. Geoffrey Simmonds, son of Sir Oliver and Lady Simmonds, Nassau, Bahamas, married Miss Doreen Treseder-Griffin, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Treseder-Griffin, of Lisvane House, Lisvane, Glam.

MARCH 8.

FIRST-NIGHTERS.—At the Coliseum for long-looked-for première of *Kiss Me, Kate* were Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Lawrence with, centre, Lady Elizabeth Oldfield.

SIMMONDS — TRESEDER-GRIFFIN WEDDING.

FIRST-NIGHTERS.

MARCH 9.

YACHTSMEN. — The Ranelagh Sailing Club—they sail on the Thames—held annual dinner-dance at Richmond Hill Hotel. In picture, l. to r. : Mr. H. A. Howard, the Commodore, his wife, and a guest, Mr. Glyn Baxter, of the Royal Thames Yacht Club.

MARCH 10.

WEMYSS—HALL WEDDING.—At Savoy Chapel, Lieut. Martin Wemyss, R.N., son of Cdr. and Mrs. Wemyss, of Carphin, Luthrie, Fife, married Miss Ann Hall, daughter of the late Mr. J. F. Hall, and of Mrs. Hall, of Jersey, C.I.

YACHTSMEN.

WEMYSS — HALL WEDDING.

Data— (Our Social

DIPLOMATIC.

A CHURCHILL AFFAIR.

MARCH 11.

DIPLOMATIC.—England's Danish Ambassador, Count Reventlow, held an afternoon reception in honour of his King's birthday, at the Pont Street Embassy. Little Sisser Bunch knew what to do.

MARCH 12.

A CHURCHILL AFFAIR.—To see Sarah Churchill in the *Wedding Bells* film, Mrs. Churchill and daughters, Mrs. Sandys (left) and Mrs. Soames went to première at the Empire.

IN-AID-OF.

AT COVENT GARDEN.

MARCH 12.

IN-AID-OF.—Princess Margaret will attend the première of *Captain Horatio Hornblower, R.N.* film on April 5 at Warner Theatre in aid of King George's Fund for Sailors. Picture was taken at committee meeting in H.Q.S. *Wellington*; shows Robert Beatty, who's in the film, and Lady Rupert Nevill.

MARCH 12.

AT COVENT GARDEN. — After performance of *Cinderella* ballet an Anglo-French party in the Opera House crush-bar. The whole Sadler's Wells Ballet Company present, plus Messrs. Cyril Beaumont and Arnold Haskell, both recipients of Legion of Honour. Here: Mme. Massigli, French Ambassador's wife, and Dame Ninette de Valois.

PALACE PRESENTATION.

MARCH 13.

PALACE PRESENTATION. — The formal curtsey revived when over 300 débutantes attended their Majesties' first Presentation Party of the year in the State ballroom at Buckingham Palace. Six hundred sponsors, relatives and other guests also present. A Guards band played. Later they all took tea in various rooms. Here, left, is Miss Colette Clark, daughter of Sir Kenneth and Lady Clark, who came up from Cheltenham College for the day. Right: Mrs. Subandrio, wife of the Indonesian Ambassador to London.

Book Diary - Cont.)

MARCH 15.

WORLD PREMIÈRE. — At the Odeon Cinema, Leicester Square, for the world première of *The Browning Version* film, in aid of Advertising Benevolent Society, was Lady Rothermere.

MARCH 15.

ITALIAN OCCASION.—Mr. Churchill chatted to Sir Victor Mallet, our Ambassador to Rome, after Italian Embassy luncheon given by Italy's Premier, Signor de Gasperi, and Foreign Minister, Count Sforza.

WORLD PREMIÈRE.

ITALIAN OCCASION.

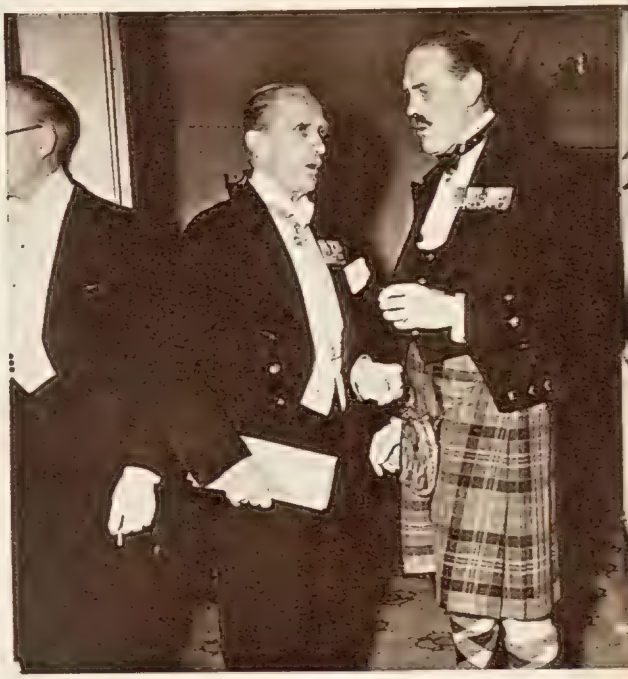
MARCH 15.

CIVIC.—Lord Mayor and the Hon. Mrs. Denys Lowson entertain to dinner Masters and Prime Wardens of City of London Livery Companies; are seen receiving their guests. Beside the Lord Mayor is the official Swordbearer.

MARCH 16.

SCOTS DINE. — At May Fair Hotel the 51st Highland Division dinner. In picture: Major-General D. N. Wimberley (The Camerons; left) and Major-General Sir Gray Buchanan (Seaforths).

CIVIC.



SCOTS DINE.

MARCH 16.

FOR CHARITY. — At the third Pied Piper's Ball in aid of the N.S.P.C.C. at the Hyde Park Hotel were: the Hon. Grania O'Brien and Mr. T. C. Richardson.

MARCH 17.

GUNNERY LESSON. — Commander O. C. Robbins, of the U.S. destroyer *Perry*, gave instruction to Glasgow's Lord Provost, Sir Victor Warren, who paid a courtesy visit to the ship during her short stay in the town. Cdr. H. R. Ryland, of U.S. Navy destroyer *Harold J. Ellison*, is on right.

FOR CHARITY.

GUNNERY LESSON.

Date-Book (Abroad)

ORCHIDACEOUS.

BELGIAN CHRISTENING.

MARCH 5.

ORCHIDACEOUS.—At International Flower Show, New York, Mrs. Ira Haupt (left) presented first sprays of new Cymbidium to Mrs. Shiva Rau (centre), hostess sister-in-law to India's U.N. delegate, and Mrs. Rayal (right).

MARCH 8.

BELGIAN CHRISTENING.—Baby daughter of ex-King Leopold of Belgium and the Princesse de Réthy, christened in private chapel of Laken Palace, near Brussels. The Queen-Mother is on left.

GENERALISSIMO'S GRANDCHILD.

AMBASSADORIAL.

MARCH 10

GENERALISSIMO'S GRANDCHILD.—Madrid. Gen. Franco and wife paid bedside visit to daughter Carmen, Marquesa de Villaverde, to greet newly-baptised granddaughter Maria del Carmen Esperanza Alejandra de la Santisima Trinidas y de Tosos los Santos.

MARCH 11.

AMBASSADORIAL.—At the Gezira Sporting Club, Cairo, watching Egyptian International lawn tennis championships were: Mrs. Jefferson Caffery, wife of U.S. Ambassador to Cairo, Mrs. E. Chapman Andrews, wife of Cairo's British Ambassador, and Mr. Jefferson Caffery, America's Ambassador to Cairo.

IN MALTA.

MONTE CARLO.

MARCH 12.

IN MALTA.—Admiral Robert B. Carney, commanding U.S. Naval forces E. Atlantic and Mediterranean, and wife, greeted Admiral Sir John Edelsten, C.-in-C. British Mediterranean Fleet, and wife, at cocktail party convened at Hotel Phoenicia in honour of the Carneys.

MARCH 12.

MONTE CARLO.—Sir Bernard and Lady Docker were among those dining at a gala evening held at the International Sporting Club.

Photographed by Vivienne.

PERFECT PARTNERSHIP

FOR their contribution to Britain's Festival, Sir Laurence and Lady Olivier (Vivien Leigh), playing the name-parts in both cases, will put on at the St. James's Theatre Shakespeare's *Antony and Cleopatra* and Shaw's *Cæsar and Cleopatra*. After a week's run from May 10, Shaw's play will be followed by Shakespeare's, and later both plays will run alternately, composing a repertory, for the rest of the season. There will be try-outs of both plays at the Opera House, Manchester—the Shaw play on April 24 and the Shakespeare play on April 30.

Candid Cameo

MAHMOUD ABDEL-KARIM

By Ian Coster

HIS eyebrows are black crescents which meet over his blunt nose, and his eyes are so dark that one cannot easily distinguish pupil from iris. Curly black hair fits tightly on a head which narrows above the ears, giving a prow-like look to the forehead. His Adam's apple is prominent and mobile.

Mahmoud Abdel-Karim, the world's best squash rackets player, has the sort of head that Epstein would do superbly in bronze. I thought this as I drank tea with Karim and friends at the Royal Egyptian Club. He had been late for his appointment, and I had sat in the lounge listening to the fascinating monotony of Arabic music being played on a gramophone somewhere in the building. It made one remember that Egypt had been going for a long time —and one could not expect an Egyptian to be worried over thirty or forty minutes.

Karim arrived late, a spare, hollow-chested figure in a flannel suit, his slightly bowed legs moving in a cat-like, springy tread. He flashed his perfect teeth and said he was awfully sorry and would we have some tea. We would. Would he have a cigarette? Yes, he would. He smoked it greedily, with enjoyment. It seems that he limits himself to four cigarettes a day when he is playing in a tournament.

As a good Muslim he does not drink alcohol—but he does have a glass of champagne occasionally, after a win. His English is good and fluent and, as he talks, he waves his long, well-shaped and well-cared-for brown hands.

Physically—especially in his clothes—he does not seem exceptional; he is 6 ft. and 11 stone. He appears to be in his late twenties. "I am thirty-eight," he admits, "and I have seven children, six boys and a girl." His eldest son, the seventeen-year-old Selah, is a medical student who hopes soon to go to Edinburgh University. Both Selah and fourteen-year-old Gamal show promise at ball games, especially squash and lawn tennis. Mahmoud prefers that they should be qualified in professions other than games-playing.

Having discussed families we got down to diet; he says that he is satisfied with two good meals a day. For breakfast he likes two or three eggs, usually fried, fruit-juice and tea. He skips lunch, and in the evening has a steak, or lamb, or chicken with little or no vegetable support, and coffee. Our restricted rations have, therefore, never bothered him much.

Not long after his evening meal Mahmoud goes to bed, and there he still plays squash—theoretical squash. "I lie in bed and think of shots around the walls of the room," he says. When he has counted enough bounces of an imagined little black ball he sinks into sound sleep. Night and day the body and mind of Mahmoud Abdel-Karim are dedicated to batting a black ball around four white walls.

Why is he the top player? "I concentrate on one game," he replies. "I think all the time; I know when I hit the ball what my opponent is going to do with it and I have already planned my next stroke." So it's as simple as that: Mahmoud is always two moves ahead of the other man. Since he found his feet at the game he has never been beaten, he says. His hardest game was against Jim Dear in the final of the British Open in 1947. He was two sets down and the score in the third was 8—3 against him. "But I have the heart for the game," says Mahmoud. "If I am losing I never give up. People started to go home from that Dear game. They thought it was over. But I won in five sets." (He has won the British Open for three years, the Dunlop Open, the Silvertown, the Scottish Open and three Australian championships.)

There is no mock-modesty about Mahmoud; he knows that he is the best player. When I asked him to rank the other players he put Jim Dear second ("He plays too many games instead of concentrating on one"), and the Indian, Bari, and the English amateur, Borrett, third equal.

He realised that he had a natural aptitude for ball games when he was a schoolboy hanging about the Gezira Club in Cairo, where, he explains, "some of my relatives worked." "Nobody coached me," he says. "I watch the good players and go on the court very early in the morning to practise their strokes." He played golf and lawn tennis, but squash attracted him most. In 1934 Victor Cazalet, the ex-British amateur champion, had beaten the top Gezira professional, and it was suggested that he should play "the boy," meaning young Mahmoud, who was playing tennis. Mahmoud finished his tennis, picked up a squash racket and (he claims) beats Cazalet by three sets to two.

In 1935 and 1936 Mahmoud played regularly with that other Egyptian master of the game, Amr Bey, now Amr Pasha, Egyptian Ambassador to the Court of St. James, and, in the end, was beating him in four games out of seven.

After the war, Mahmoud decided to conquer fresh courts. The Egyptian Government pays salary and expenses on these trips abroad (rewards of professional squash are small: the "rich" Dunlop is worth only £80 to the winner). Last year Mahmoud's itinerary included New York for the first time, and Australia, to defend his Australian titles.

He admits to a sensitivity about the appearance of courts. "Some courts," he says, "are like nice houses, with pleasant people. When you step in, you like the feeling. Others, not so much."

His quiet confidence extends to golf, too. "When I play golf a lot I am scratch. Give me three months at that game and I shall be on top of that. If I play golf I concentrate on it all the time, go out by myself, play every shot. Concentration is the secret of all games."

If you watch him at squash practice, a methodical, unvarying repetition of strokes (which would bore the shorts off most British players), you can see what he means. He will play one stroke for half-an-hour.

I asked him if his name could be translated into English. He seemed doubtful, but Egyptian friends in the Club said that it meant Mahmoud the Generous. I commented, a trifle impolitely, that according to one or two reports of his championship play he had not quite lived up to his name; it was said that he had tended to crowd his opponent.

Mahmoud smiled and said that he didn't think anybody could accuse him of taking unfair advantage of any opponent. "But," he said, "I always play to win. If you don't play to win, you lose."

This miracle of co-ordination, this dark-eyed, vital fellow, has a sense of fun. In Scotland he wears a kilt, a Gordon tartan, and he has played in it. "Somebody tells me it is wrong to wear anything under it," he says. "I enquire and am told that this is so. But the first time I sit down on a cold chair—ooh!"

★

Who . . . Me?

WELL . . . there isn't much left for me to say. As for my features and physical build, I could not have helped being like what I am; but I am sure I don't look that bad, at least I hope not.

Talking about diet, what you have said is only true during practice time. After the tournaments I eat like a horse, and you should see the expression on the maid's face when I ask for more; nearly horrified at the quantity I swallow, poor thing . . . !

I should like to correct your statement about my expenses on my trips abroad. His Majesty King Farouk had kindly encouraged me, and generously supported all my trips, as he usually does with all sportsmen in Egypt.

I didn't say I am the best player . . . or did I? Squash is my life, and I always like to enjoy a good game. That is why I came to the idea of meeting different players abroad, but *not* after titles, which I won, by the way.

Finally, I should like to mention the warm welcome and continuous assistance I receive from all whom I got to know in England. Also squash players who gave me the most enjoyable time. But why beat them? I leave that to you.

M. A. Karim

Photomontage by Angus McBean.

SQUASH PLAYER No. 1: MAHMOUD ABDEL-KARIM

OUT-OF-DOORS

A start at which the draw for places is so important . . .

Looking up the course twenty years ago.

THE LINCOLNSHIRE HANDICAP

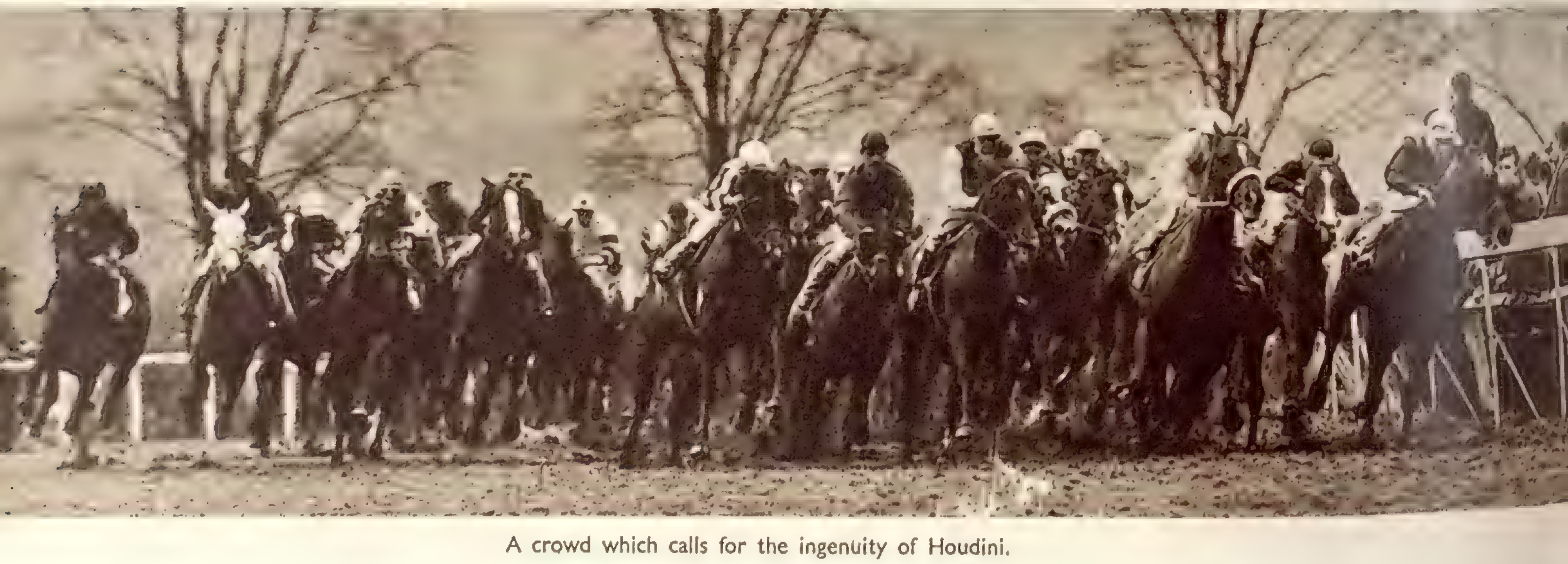
By Quintin Gilbey

THE Lincolnshire Handicap, which is contested annually by a large field composed of some of the worst horses in the country, derives its popularity from the following diversity of reasons:

(1) Its position in the calendar; (2) the severity of the English winter; (3) a childlike belief in miracles on the part of owners; (4) the enterprise of the advertising bookmakers; and (5) the gullibility of backers of horses.

To those unversed in the intricate pattern which forms the daily routine of the Racing Regular, this bald statement of fact may appear meaningless, so I will endeavour to elaborate it.

Excepting when the moon behaves in a most irregular manner and ordains that Easter shall take place when we have barely got over Christmas—as it has done this year—the Lincoln is the first big race of the year, and this fact alone ensures its being accorded publicity far



A crowd which calls for the ingenuity of Houdini.

[illegible] a winning-post which sees so many outsiders in the lead.

in exc[illegible] of its deserts. It is still the first race on which there is ante-p[illegible] betting.

So i[illegible]ment is the weather of this island during the close season for flat ra[illegible] that often for weeks on end steeplechasing meetings cannot take pl[illegible] Racing journalists with a column to fill thereupon hermetically se[illegible] their attic windows and, having warmed their icy fingers over the fe[illegible]lowing embers in their grates, proceed to write about the Lincol[illegible] In the normal course of events twice as many words are expend[illegible] over the Lincoln as over the Derby, despite the fact that the winne[illegible] triumph is of an ephemeral nature and that, once the outstandin[illegible] doubles (if any) with the winner of the Grand National have been se[illegible], the race is immediately forgotten.

No m[illegible] unless he be the Aga Khan or M. Boussac, who between them own 75 [illegible] cent. of the best bloodstock on this side of the globe, would becom[illegible] owner of racehorses unless he had a hunch that a miracle was in t[illegible] offing to assist him in paying his trainer's bills. The majority of owne[illegible] with horses in the Lincoln are exceptional optimists, for not only ha[illegible] their horses no chance of winning on March 31, but they will neve[illegible] win a race of any sort, and will end up by augmenting the meat r[illegible]

Even those with horses whose chances are apparent on the book of form are largely dependent on the draw for places, for the Lincoln course (1 mile) is not quite straight, and this topographical irregularity, which is alway[illegible] referred to as "the elbow," is a bar to success to any horse drawn from 1 to 10.

I have, in the past, devoted as many as 10,000 words—during a particularly severe winter—to one particular horse, only to see it drawn in such a position that unless it had been endowed with the ingenuity of Houdini, it might just as well have stayed in its stable.

The bookmakers, who are shrewd business men, inundate us with lists of prices, in the knowledge that gambling is in our blood and that the prospect (no matter how remote) that we may amass an appreciable sum, for a small outlay, makes an irresistible appeal.

I never cease to marvel at the gullibility of the average mug punter, for despite the fact that whenever he goes racing he sees that the most expensive cars are all owned by bookmakers, who operate not only on the course but from gigantic blocks of buildings with thousands of employees, he nevertheless believes that he can pit his humble resources against them with a prospect of success.

Hundreds of thousands of pounds will be betted in this race before the starter pulls a lever and sends the field on its way. There was an original entry of 72, but only approximately half that number will go to post. It costs 10 sovs. to enter a horse in the Lincoln, and a further 25 sovs. unless forfeit is declared by March 20. The race is a sweepstake to which the Lincoln Executives add a prize of £1500. The second horse receives 10 per cent. and the third horse 5 per cent. of the total stakes. Last year the winner received £2791 5s. There were 40 runners.

As the result of the waterlogged condition of the gallops at least three-quarters of this year's field will be only half-fit, and the French horse, *Astromonte*, owned by the Comte de Chambure, will be at a big advantage, for not only has he had the benefit of a race in which he ran extremely well to finish third at St. Cloud, but he has enjoyed an uninterrupted preparation at Chantilly. I was present at St. Cloud, and can vouch for the fact that *Astromonte* will be fighting fit.

Victory for two famous jockeys : Steve Donoghue (above) in 1925 (*Tapin*) and Gordon Richards in 1950 (*Dramatic*).

Old Stagers

TAKE IT FROM US (Adelphi).
From Joy Nichols, Jimmy Edwards, and Dick Bentley.

LACE ON HER PETTICOAT (Ambassadors).
The daughters of the Marchioness and the milliner meet in the Scotland of 1885.

SEAGULLS OVER SORRENTO (Apollo).
A naval mixture: comedy and drama on an islet in the Orkneys.

WHO IS SYLVIA? (Criterion).
Terence Rattigan's light comedy flicks amiably across three periods.

CAROUSEL (Drury Lane).
June still bustin' out all over in the Rodgers-Hammerstein musical play.

THE HOLLY AND THE IVY (Duchess).
Wynyard Browne's Christmas gathering in a Norfolk vicarage is the best domestic play in London.

POINT OF DEPARTURE (Duke of York's).
Theatrical vigour in Anouilh's controversial play.

RING ROUND THE MOON (Globe).
Paul Scofield as a pair of French twins in the Fry-adapted, Brook-produced charade.

A PENNY FOR A SONG (Haymarket).
Rings round the moon in the Dorset of 1804.

LITTLE BOY BLUE (His Majesty's).
Emney and Hearne in skirts and out.

THE LITTLE HUT (Lyric).
Three castaways—one of them Robert Morley—frivol on a tropical island.

MAN AND SUPERMAN (New).
Kay Hammond chases John Clements from Surrey to Spain. Text by Shaw.

KING'S RHAPSODY (Palace).
The late Ivor Novello's romantic musical play with its fine cast.

DEAR MISS PHŒBE (Phœnix).
Barrie set harmlessly to music.

HIS EXCELLENCY (Piccadilly).
Or how an ex-docker can manage the affairs of a Mediterranean island.

THE MADWOMAN OF CHAILLOT (St. James's).
Martita Hunt's acting makes this symbolic fantasy of Paris.

THE FOL-DE-ROLS (St. Martin's).
The end-of-the-pier in the West End—and very nice, too.

GAY'S THE WORD (Saville).
So it is—and Cicely Courtneidge leads the gaiety.

TO DOROTHY, A SON (Savoy).
A bubble of comedy. At the Garrick from April 2.

WILL ANY GENTLEMAN? (Strand).
The hunting of the Hare.

KNIGHTS OF MADNESS (Victoria Palace).
The Crazy Gang—all over the place.

AT THE THEATRE.

★ First Choice ★

KISS ME, KATE

(*Coliseum*)

IT is nearly four years since *Oklahoma!* came to London; I can remember every incident of that surprising first night. *Kiss Me, Kate* was staged at the Coliseum only a few days ago; already—a couple of songs excepted—I find it dimming in memory. Its preliminary build-up was immense; but I fear that, for me, the first-night performance was like one of those stage staircases that lead nowhere in particular. Cole Porter has done better than this; and, as for the book by Bella and Sam Spewack, which weaves in and out of a vague performance of *The Taming of the Shrew*, I doubt whether there will ever be a Spewack Memorial Theatre.

However, "Come to what's important in 't," as the Spewack's collaborator observes in another play. *Kiss Me, Kate* has brought to London Patricia Morison and Julie Wilson, and this at least we can cheer. Each has one of Cole Porter's best songs, and since I am still humming tunelessly "So in Love" and "Always True to You (In My Fashion)," the last of which Julie Wilson sings with an irresistible flashing zest, it can be conceded that *Kiss Me, Kate* has its moments. If only we had not been told that it was an earth-shaker! O, Mr. Porter, what did they do? . . .

The idea, simply, is that a divorced actor and actress, who are still in love, are playing Petruchio and Kathrina in a mediocre production of *The Taming of the Shrew*. Before they come together again, we have a good deal of hither-and-thither off-stage and on: the scenes on-stage mean that, every now and then, we get a chunk of Shakespeare's boisterous farce. Certainly the best lines in the affair are Shakespearean. The book matters less than Cole Porter's happier melodies. Patricia Morison is beautiful and talented; but I found Julie Wilson the evening's first pleasure. She is the apparently demure actress (with a prim walk like Yolande Donlan's) who can flip within a few seconds into a brisk rebel. "Always True to You (In My Fashion)" is a romping song; Miss Wilson knows how to romp. And watch her eyes and her gestures.

Bill Johnson bangs cheerfully at the actor who plays Petruchio. Austin Trevor, a commanding actor, has here nothing to do, and the two gangsters (Danny Green and Sidney James), though usually on the edge of humour, never fall in; their song, "Brush Up Your Shakespeare," is curious stuff for anyone of Cole Porter's wit. In short, then, two delicious performances, two fine songs, some good dancing: quite a lot, I suppose, for one musical play but (for so heavily-boomed a piece) hardly enough.

. with J. C. TREWIN

Danny Green as First Man

Adelaide Hall as Hattie

MACADAM AND EVE

(*Aldwych*)

ROGER MACDOUGALL, having had three plays in London within a year, must be regarded as a young dramatist who has arrived. Personally, I like *The Gentle Gunman* (seen so far only at the Arts) better than his other work; but there is no doubt at all that he is a man of ideas. In this comedy at the Aldwych he raises the Old Adam: an immortal who has been both the Wandering Jew and Shakespeare in his time, but who here turns up (with a Scots accent) in the damp Scottish resort of Tillyfruin, still remembering Eden and still tortured by Eve. On the whole, I enjoyed the piece better at the "Q" last year: it is too talkative, and MacDougall could tone it down a little. This aside, we must admit that there are humour and good sense in the play: it is undeniably the best fantasy I remember about Adam in Scotland. John Laurie, who can beam like a lighthouse and talk like a cataract, is very properly cast.

ELECTRA

(*The Old Vic*)

"THERE is Russia . . . There is Greece," stammers the Greek confectioner (not a natural orator) in Tchehov's *The Wedding*, which ends the evening at the Old Vic. Greece and Russia are indeed mingled in a programme for collectors. Whatever you feel about Greek tragedy in the contemporary theatre, you will certainly acknowledge the power of Peggy Ashcroft's Electra—a performance on a small scale, but feelingly judged. This production, by Michel Saint-Denis, develops an exciting intensity: Catherine Lacey, Pauline Jameson and Robert Eddison are all in the classic style, and Leo McKern is in high-dramatic spate as the Old Man who describes the chariot race. *The Wedding*, which dissolved the evening in laughter, is Tchehov's joke about an ancient mariner at a wedding-party. Paul Rogers makes so benevolent a chatterer of the old man of the sea that it is hard to recall the same young actor as the Tyrant of Argos in the tragedy.

COUNT YOUR BLESSINGS

(*Wyndham's*)

I DO so. There is Joyce Redman's red-haired wife with her blithe touch of burlesque. There is the husband, Naunton Wayne, as safe as Hutton. There is Viola Lyel, a flickering kitten. And there is Ronald Jean's way of guiding along an improbable story—bred of an improbable will—with the craft expected of him. He is the author of a book on how to write a play: this is, technically, the kind of comic-domestic job that will appeal to all who enjoyed *Young Wives' Tale*.

Next Stage

SIR LAURENCE OLIVIER'S full cast for the Festival productions of *Cæsar and Cleopatra* (St. James's, May 10) and *Antony and Cleopatra* (May 15) has now been chosen. Robert Helpmann—who is the Shavian Apollodorus—Norman Wooland, Esmond Knight, Wilfrid Hyde-White (the Britannus), Niall MacGinnis, Henry Oscar, Elspeth March, Maxine Audley, Elizabeth Kentish and Richard Goolden are in a large company; and the plays are being produced by Michael Benthall, with décor by Roger Furse, costumes by Audrey Cruddas, and music by Herbert Menges.

FOUR-IN-HAND

Peter Ustinov's new play which is called, amusingly, *The Love of Four Colonels*, has (reasonably, I suppose) four assorted Colonels in the cast. They are to be acted by Colin Gordon, Eugene Deckers, Alan Gifford and Theodore Bikel, with Patricia Jessel, Mary Hignett, Diana Graves and Mona Lilian as their wives. Ustinov himself, Moira Lister, and Gwen Cherrell—who has established herself in a remarkably short time—head the company. John Fernald produces the play.

BY THE AVON

The next play in the historical cycle at Stratford-upon-Avon—in the reconstructed and redecorated Memorial Theatre—will be *Henry the Fourth, Part One*, on April 3. John Kidd is the director; Anthony Quayle, as Falstaff, makes his first appearance for the season, and others are Michael Redgrave as Hotspur, Richard Burton—back from New York—as Prince Hal, Harry Andrews as Henry the Fourth, and High Griffith as Glendower. There is, by the way, a "live" orchestra at Stratford this year, one of sixteen players, conducted by Leslie Bridgewater, who has composed incidental music.

A MAUGHAM RARITY

We have had recently an unfamiliar Pinero comedy from 1911, in *Preserving Mr. Panmure*. Now, at the New Boltons (where John Harrison's production of *Hamlet* deserved a much longer run), Peter Cotes revives another comedy of 1911, Somerset Maugham's satirical piece, *Loaves and Fishes*; it has not been done in London since it was first seen at the Duke of York's. Joan Miller has the Ellis Jeffreys part; Kynaston Reeves and Jessica Spencer are also in the company.

GETTING ROUND

To Dorothy, a Son moves to the Garrick on April 2. . . . Dorothy and Campbell Christie's *Come Live with Me* begins a pre-London tour at Brighton on April 23, with Jessie Royce Landis and Francis Lister. . . . Jean Kent is touring in Dennis Arundell's production of *Frou-Frou*. . . . The Crazy Gang, *Knights of Madness*, has passed its first anniversary at the Victoria Palace.

OUR BOOKSHELF

by RUPERT CROFT-COOKE

A SAILOR'S ODYSSEY. The Autobiography of Admiral of the Fleet Viscount Cunningham, of Hyndhope, K.T., G.C.B., O.M., D.S.O. (*Hutchinson ; 21s.*)

A QUESTION OF UPBRINGING. By Anthony Powell. (*Heinemann ; 9s. 6d.*)

A CHANGE OF HEART. By Emyr Humphreys. (*Eyre and Spottiswoode ; 10s. 6d.*)

THE MAGICIAN. By F. L. Green. (*Michael Joseph ; 9s. 6d.*)

FROM the last war certain books were to be expected, and this one was as inevitable as Mr. Churchill's memoirs. What comes as a surprise is not that Lord Cunningham should have written his autobiography, not that it should make an important contribution to the history of the war, not that it should be a voluminous, highly-documented affair, but that it should be, in the most general sense, such a very good book. Accustomed to bearing with the ponderous egotism of distinguished sailors, soldiers, diplomats and politicians for the sake of the historical value of their books, we could scarcely hope that one of them would make good reading, too; would be forthright and quietly humorous, graphic, unhurried, unprejudiced. *A Sailor's Odyssey* is all these things. It does what so few books by men of action have been content to do—it tells its story without fuss or pretension, mawkish philosophising or wordy embellishment. It is wholly and happily a naval story; the author joining H.M.S. *Britannia* (on the sixth page) at the age of fourteen in 1897. Moreover, less than a third of the book is devoted to his life before the last war, though his service in the First World War was interesting and distinguished. It is as though he supposed that readers would be impatient for his account of the life and work of the C.-in-C. Mediterranean during the great days after the fall of France, when, with a fleet smaller than the Italian he fought the victorious battles of Calabria, Taranto and Matapan and kept the Malta convoys going. Or of his day-to-day experiences, told just as simply and directly, as First Sea Lord, when he attended all the conferences—Casablanca, Teheran, Quebec, Yalta, and sat with Churchill, Roosevelt, Stalin at what should have been the planning of a new world. It is not a book of sensational revelations, though what Lord Cunningham has to say about the American attitude towards the use of the British fleet in the Pacific, and in particular of the ill-concealed hostility towards the project on the part of the American Admiral Ernest J. King, will fall with a timely explosion into the present controversy over the American command of Atlantic naval forces. Nor is it a book with any rhetoric or gush. As its author comes to wind it up and reaches for some stirring message with which to close his book, his long training and habit drive him to bluntness and bald prose so that where others would have become passionate or verbose he writes: "To the end of my life, I shall remain convinced that there is no Service or profession to compare with the Royal Navy." That seems to me a lesson to stylists on the use of the unadorned statement.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

CLASSICAL DANCES AND COSTUMES OF INDIA. By Kay Ambrose. (*Black ; 25s.*)

This, says Ram Gopal in his Introduction, is the first book of its kind ever to appear in print. It is, in fact, the first serious attempt to interpret to the West the history and significance of Indian dancing. Moreover, it has well-illustrated explanatory chapters on Indian music and costume. A very fine production.

A GROVE OF FEVER TREES. By Daphne Rooke. (*Cape ; 10s. 6d.*)

This is a curious picture of suburban life charged with homicidal idiocy and set in a lonely part of Africa. Not to be taken too seriously but quite entertaining in a macabre way.

CONSCIENCE OF THE KING. By Alfred Duggan. (*Faber ; 12s. 6d.*)

A racy, semi-fictional commentary on events in England in the fifth and sixth centuries, ballasted with a mass of doubtless authentic detail.

RIVER OF THE SUN. By James Ramsey Ullman. (*Collins ; 12s. 6d.*)

Torments, tropical and of conscience, among a party of Americans prospecting in the upper reaches of the Amazon.

MY novels this week are a mixed bag, starting with an elegant piece of fooling by Mr. Anthony Powell called *A Question of Upbringing*. It is about three public schoolboys and an earnest ass named Widmerpool, and it tells with pleasantly polysyllabic irony of the trio and their housemaster Le Bas. Shocking though Mr. Powell would probably find the suggestion, his Stringham Templer and Jenkins, sophisticated and of the 1920's as they emphatically are, yet recall some of the livelier characteristics of that other schoolboy trio, Stalky and Co., who baited another housemaster forty years before them, and Le Bas with his snooty love of quoting nineteenth-century poetry has something in common with the immortal King. But then Kipling in turn might have been shocked at the glimpses of Templer's and Stringham's home-life, or even at some of the experiences of the narrator Jenkins at his French holiday home. It is all delightfully inconclusive and without any dour significance, but it is to be read for the gay inconsequence of its episodes. Mr. Powell seems frequently to forget what he is writing about, but he never grows wearisome. His literary affiliations seem to be with Henry James and Evelyn Waugh, a happy combination which produces something entirely his own. My only moment of foreboding was when I read in the blurb of *A Question of Upbringing*, "and subsequent volumes." A series of sequels would, I feel, be too much of what is certainly a good thing.

HAVING written two very good novels which have been loudly acclaimed, Mr. Emyr Humphreys in his third, *A Change of Heart*, seems in danger of settling down to the business of novel-writing with too much confidence that his distinctive talents will see him through. The book lacks all sense of urgency or compulsion, as though it had been written to order by a clever craftsman who had not much confidence in his own materials. The story is of a struggle for the respect and affection of a young student and poet between Howell Morris, a professor at a Welsh University, and Alcuin Philips, a Reader in English Literature who also envies Morris his Chair. Philips seems a glamorous and virile type to young Frank Davies, who is not perturbed by the big man's fascism. Morris, on the other hand, is his brother-in-law and is paying for his education. The struggle goes to and fro in front of a well-chosen chorus—communist lorry-driver, Howell's possessive mother, and Frank's girl, Gwen Lloyd, and a crank called Froggart. Frank leaves Howell, but eventually the "change of heart" brings them together again and they leave for London, where they are to share rooms. Mr. Humphreys writes well and neatly delineates his characters. Let us hope that he finds a theme which demands all his powers.

THE new F. L. Green novel (I almost wrote his new scenario) is the weakest he has yet given us, though it still has the coercive readability which has been the first merit of all his books. Indeed, it is one of the few recent novels of which I can truthfully say that I read it at a sitting. I find it less commendable than the others I have read, not because the sugar-coating is less potent, but because the pill itself lacks substance. In previous books, while we were carried along by the dangers and excitements of deadly pursuits and desperate threats, we were given the pleasant sense of witnessing a drama with its own deep significance, its portents and symbols, its understanding and revelation of some of the best and worst in human nature. *The Magician* is content to be a thriller and to make no more comment on the human comedy than, say, a good spiv or gangster film. It tells the story of a night disastrous to a group of petty crooks and to the owner of a vast department store. The crooks plan to seize some cases of whisky from a train in a siding and the father of their leader informs the police. Two are arrested, two killed. The owner of Emporium, already suffering from paranoia, conceives an insanely jealous hatred for one of his employees, whose wife is also involved in the crooks' drama. This man, Phil Jonson, is a colourless creature who does conjuring tricks and finds that he has a gift for inducing an effect of mass hypnotism in his audiences. It is this gift which makes the millionaire Pemberger resolve to murder him, and his pursuit of the unlucky conjurer through the echoing corridors of the empty department stores is the most exciting sequence of the book. All ends happily, since by a mistake too neatly contrived to be convincing, Pemberger murders the leader of the crooks in mistake for Jonson. It says a great deal for Mr. Green's seductive gifts that as one reads this rigmarole of improbable melodrama one is bewitched into believing it all.

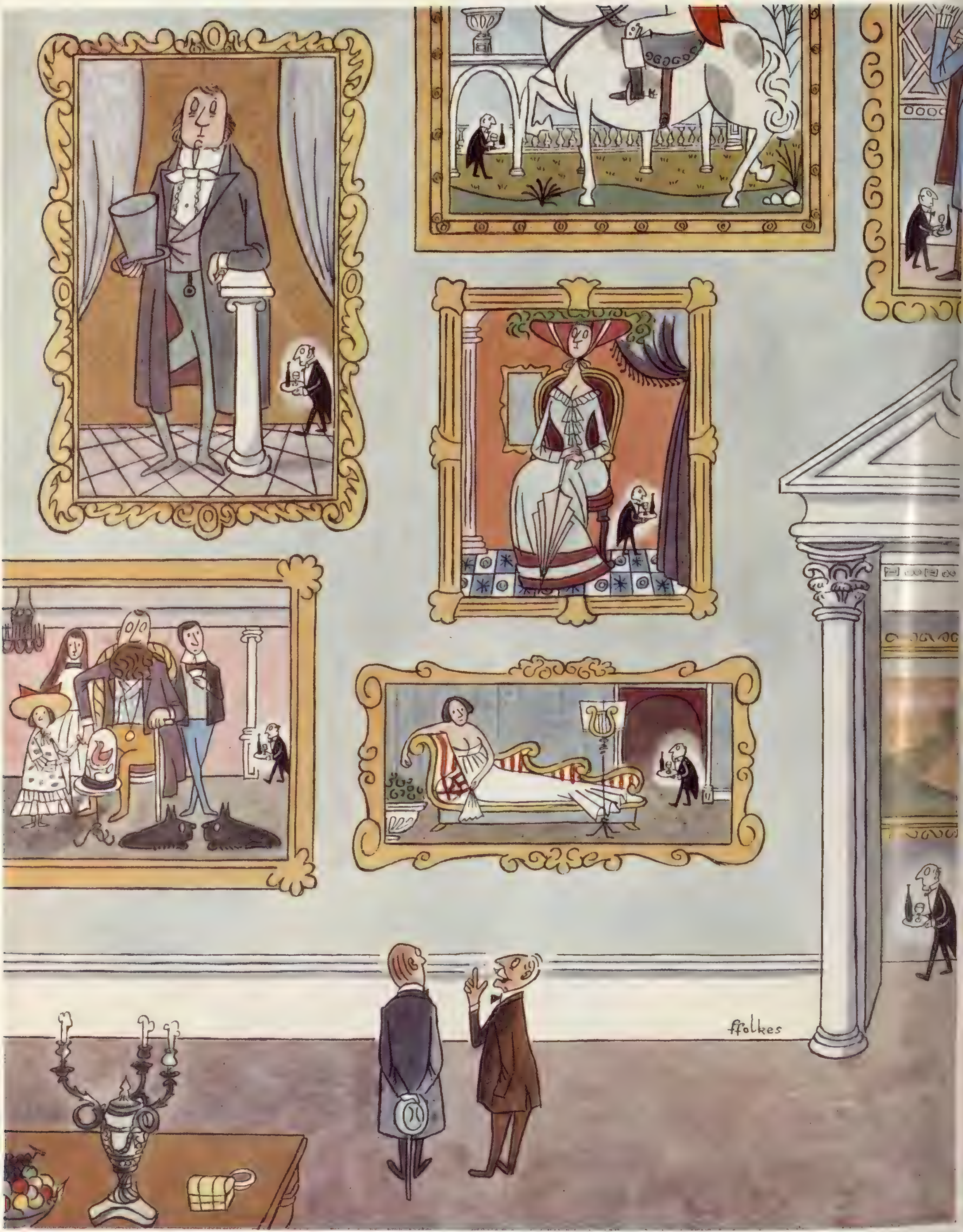
Photographed by Antony Beauchamp.

YVONNE DE CARLO came over here from America in December last to star in the film *Hotel Sahara*. Described as the most beautiful girl in the world, at twenty-six she is at the top of her film career, is unmarried at the time of going to press, a collector of fine jewels and furniture, and the owner of a newly-acquired mansion in Hollywood.

THE IN

From the painting by Sir William Russell Flint, R.A.

RUDERS



Drawn by Michael ffolkes.

" Quite frankly, I don't know how the Family would ever get on without Travers."

FOR THE YOUNG—A CAREER

IN every country to-day for the up-and-comings, some sort of activity, professional, commercial, or what-have-you, is a "must." They make up their minds early, and like to go to it straight from school or university. Here are some young careerists on the lower rungs of their respective ladders.

Above: Students of the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art, during their recent annual matinée at the New Theatre, are waiting to go on stage to play *Back to Methuselah*: Philip Latham, John Weston, Gerald Harper (a bronze medal for his Napoleon), Susan Stephen, Anthony Daws and Ann Chatin.

Top: Eighteen-year-old Sally Fairfield—seen here in the dress in which she was presented to their Majesties at the first Presentation party of the year, on March 13—earns her living as a mannequin, was in action at Warwick House when the Queen and Princess Margaret saw the recent collections of London's Big Ten designers.

Right: Mlle. Marie-Elaine de Montluc, newly-called to the Paris Bar. The Portias of France have just celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of their admission to the Bar.

"Open the Window": The first set presented by the National Television Fund was installed in a children's hospital in Carshalton. It was a wonderful moment for the young patients, one of whom had been bedridden for nine years. To date, the Fund has been able to present only twelve sets. The aim is to provide one for *every* hospital in the country. Our Television Critic tells you in his article on this page how you can help to make this a reality.

Singing hymns round a boxful of dynamite! An amusing scene from *Captain Carvallo*, by Denis Cannan. L. to r.: Victor Maddern, Roderick Lovell, Margaretta Scott, Erik Chitty, Peter Finch.

TELEVISION

by CYRIL BUTCHER

LOOKING AROUND

"TELEVISION really has given me a new lease of life." So spake a chum of ours, the other evening, after a television session in his sick-room. "It somehow makes me feel that I'm still in the swim—not so out of things," he added.

Happily he is on the way to recovery, but it has been, and still will be, a long, dreary and rather painful business. The important thing—as in all protracted illnesses—is that his spirits are high; and in that respect the television set at the foot of the bed can justly claim to be playing the part of the healer. His programme preference is interesting, but not altogether surprising. He likes the plays, variety shows and such well enough, but it is the factual programmes to which he looks forward with the most eagerness: the Newsreel, London Town, Picture Page and the Outside Broadcasts, for example. These make him feel that he is still part of the great machine of life which is revolving all around him.

Natural enough, if we lucky healthy ones pause for a moment to consider the mental plight of the bedridden. Even to those who—like my friend—are fortunate enough to spend their illness in their own homes, a sickroom becomes the most maddeningly tedious place. The walls, the furniture and even the ceiling become depressingly familiar. The pictures cease to be decorations and turn into leering enemies, mocking your incapacity. The flowers, after brightening the atmosphere for a moment, are just things that can be watched wilting and dying. Visitors, the family and friends, help, but you feel they are hating every moment of it and only come because they are being kind. Anyway, they only tell you about what is going on outside your four walls; so do books, the newspapers, even the radio. What you long for is to be able to see something for yourself—not just to hear about it; to escape from your hygienic prison; to feel that you are part of the world—not a helpless outsider.

If that is the plight of the fortunate invalid, with recovery in sight, how much worse must it be for the incurables, the permanently crippled and those who have to spend years of life in hospital wards. Let us, then, consider what a truly miraculous breath of escape a television set can provide for these unfortunates. One of the chief attractions of television is its intimacy, the feeling it gives that you are actually taking part in the events shown on the screen. What could be more longed for by a sick person?

May we therefore invite you, gentle readers, to do two things? The first—if you have a television set and an invalid in the house—to move the set into the sick-room. The cost and the bother will be negligible; the joy to the patient immeasurable. The second is to spare a thought and a cheque to a charity which aims to open just this window of the world to the helpless, by providing television sets for hospitals and kindred institutions. It is called the National Television Fund. It has an administrative committee of several distinguished people, of whom Vice-Admiral J. W. Dorling, C.B.—through his association with the Radio Industry Council—is perhaps the motivating spirit. He has summarised the purpose of the Committee: "Our aim is a T.V. set for every hospital. The television set is the patient's only window to the outside world. We want to 'open the window and let them see life.'"

It might be thought that, in these days, this might be a matter for the National Health Service, or even the Post Office. But, up to date, these august bodies have got no further than offering their good wishes to the scheme. So it remains a matter for private enterprise. Funds are very low. Will you help, please? The secretary of the National Television Fund, Mr. R. F. Millard, is headquartered at 12, Whitehall, London, S.W.1. He will gratefully receive and acknowledge any contribution, however small.

ssie Royce Landis as the harassed hostess in *Dinner at* ght, by George S. Kaufman and Edna Ferber. The play was brilliantly produced by Eric Fawcett.

Hella Toros in *School for Fathers* acted well, sang beautifully, but enunciated her words so badly that they were indistinguishable. The cavalier is tenor Raymond Nilsson.

LOOKING BACK

DINNER AT EIGHT, by George S. Kaufman and Edna Ferber, is the sort of clever play one might expect from two such clever people. A snob New York hostess decides to give a dinner-party for a visiting British peer, of ten people. That is the main outline. The rest is filled in by an adroitly carpentered and brilliantly interlocked series of sketches of the private lives of the ten people concerned, plus the domestic staff. It is all very telling, very trenchant and, of course, very clever. The characters are all very real and lots of very embarrassing psychological undressing goes on. The only thing the authors forgot was to give a satisfactory ending to the play, and to provide at least one human being about whom one could care a hoot. However, acting opportunities abound and the large cast did excellently. Jessie Royce Landis as the said hostess and Molly Raynor as a *passée* actress could not have been more delicious. Percy Marmont as an old-fashioned business man could not have been more old-fashioned, and Hartley Power as the modern, caddish business man could not have deserved those adjectives more. But James Carney, though he gave a good performance, could have been a deal more like a faded American movie star. Oh, that phoney accent! It is also muchly a producer's play, and once again Eric Fawcett did a wonderful job.

School for Fathers, Wolf-Ferrari's comic opera (from the play by Goldoni: English version by Edward J. Dent), was an occasion which we must consider more in perspective than on its own merits. What matters most is that it was done at all. Television opera is still very much in its infancy, and to treat it as critically as programmes in which more experience has been gained would not speed the day when the greater operatic works are done in this medium. Before then many lessons will have to be learnt. A new generation of singers will have to be taught to act in the television way, not to rely on standardised grimaces while they are busy vocalising. Sound engineers must come to appreciate and achieve the correct balance between orchestra and voice. Producers will have to be more imaginative in their use of the camera—to choose instinctively the right moment for an overall or selective picture. Also conductors must learn a more sympathetic technique towards the singers to whom—through studio conditions—they cannot give a baton cue. All these implied faults were present in *School for Fathers*, but at least it was one more opera production. Thank you for that, George Foa, and thank you for a delightful Lucieta, Maureen Springer.

That an actor cannot be better than the script was never better proved than in Matthew Forsyth's production of Somerset Maugham's *The Sacred Flame*. In it there are four superbly written parts: Maurice, a bed-ridden neurotic (Kenneth Mackintosh); his mother, Mrs. Tabret (Mary Jerrold); Stella, his wife (Joyce Heron); and Nurse Wayland (Mary Kerridge). These were played equally superbly by the artists mentioned. The other rôles are dull in the writing, and proved dull in performance. A word to Mr. Forsyth: all very well to keep the camera moving, but it can be overdone.

LOOKING AHEAD

THE close collaboration of author and producer is more and more being recognised as the soundest basis for a television production (*i.e.*, Ian Atkins and Duncan Ross with *The Course of Justice*). Michael Barry and author Charles Terrot have worked together before, and on April 15 and 19 viewers will see their latest joint effort: *Shout Aloud Salvation*, a story, set in the 'eighties, of two young Salvation Army girls who attempt to clean up an industrial town by themselves.

April 16 sees the first of five cavalcade programmes dealing with entertainment history, a decade at a time, starting with 1901. Script by Rex Rienits, dances by Freddy Carpenter, orchestrations by Ray Terry. Producer Michael Mills.

Also:

April 8 and 12.—*Cæsar's Wife*, by Somerset Maugham. Producer, Harold Clayton.

April 10.—*Goodness How Sad*, by Robert Morley. Producer, Stephen Harrison.

April 11.—*Other People's Jobs*—"Science Against Crime." From the Forensic Laboratory, Nottingham.

April 17.—*The Bishop Misbehaves*, by Frederick Jackson. Producer, Matthew Forsyth.

April 20.—O.B. of A.B.A. Boxing Championships from Wembley.

April 21.—O.B.: Amateur Cup Final.

OUR CRITIC'S CHOICE.

George R. Foa, not so much for outstanding achievement as for outstanding effort. To establish opera on Television's repertoire is not easy: the public sceptical, studio conditions difficult, and singers bewildered by the new technique. *School for Fathers* was Foa's fourth TV opera production—also his best.

Cyril Butcher

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO . . .

THESE TWO WORKMEN (arrow) : For their magnificent sense of balance, and for keeping their heads.

IF *you* were perched some 1400 feet above the pavement on the special 222-ft. television antenna mast atop New York's 102-storey Empire State building, how would you like it ? Yet it is part of the job of these workmen, who take it in their stride. This airview looks north towards the Rockefeller Centre (left centre), Central Park (just beyond), and the Bronx (near top).

THE ROWE TWINS—DIANA AND ROSALIND : For their joint contribution to Britain's prestige in sport.

THE Rowe twins won the women s doubles championship for Britain at the world's table tennis championships in Vienna. They hail from Greenford, and are shown arriving home at London Airport, holding their trophy and bouquets.

LEE : For having reached his five-thousandth cartoon, and maintaining his standard.

JOE LEE, "London Laughs" cartoonist of the *Evening News*, recently achieved his 5000th cartoon, as indicated. His standard of jokes continues to flow in a steady stream as he, from newspapers and his daily life, twists the farcical from such important news as the meat cut, and makes readers laugh at misfortune, even when it touches their own private lives.

SIXTEEN-MONTHS-OLD GREGORY ANDERSON : For believing that you can't start a career too young.

THIS baby came to London recently with his parents—members of the four Whip-cracking Andersons—and the Australian Highland Pipe Band, for a year's tour. As the picture shows, he's already an expert himself, whipping a cigarette out of his mother's mouth. He whips keys from keyholes, too ! We feel pretty sure nobody has ever started on a career earlier than wee Gregory.

. . . AND WE APPLAUD

OSBERT LANCASTER

For his achievements

With all our hearty appreciation of his view of the social world and the world of affairs in books and in his *Daily Express* cartoons as seen through the eyes of this satirical clubman, we must admit that his décor for the new ballet *Pineapple Poll* at Sadler's Wells Theatre took us by surprise. After the curtain went up, before the dancing began on the opening night, the audience burst into terrific applause for the décor, both in the first and the second scenes. Here at his very best, the witty cartoonist has used clean, clear-cut definition, bright colours, gay costumes, which reflect the jollity of this Gilbert-and-Sullivan plus John Cranko ballet, based on the Bab Ballad *The Bumboat Woman's Story*. His designs include quite a lot of architectural features, in a manner more realistic than is his wont.

"FOURTEEN HOURS."—Paul Douglas as a homely Irish traffic cop tries to gain the confidence of the young man (Richard Basehart), who stands poised for suicide fifteen storeys above a busy New York street.

FILMS IN BRIEF

"STORM WARNING"—A frontal assault on the Ku Klux Klan in modern America, with Ginger Rogers as the girl who witnesses a murder, and has to choose whether to give evidence against her brother-in-law, or fall in with the town's conspiracy of silence. Strong, lurid stuff, forcefully done.

"WEDDING BELLS"—Fred Astaire and Jane Powell as a brother-and-sister dance team, who respectively hitch up with Sarah Churchill and Peter Lawford during a Royal Wedding season in England. Full of surprises for the English.

"RIO GRANDE"—John Wayne in a John Ford Western about troopers and Indians on the Mexican border. The horses and some of the pictures are fine, but Mother (Maureen O'Hara) ought to have stayed at home.

"RAWHIDE"—Auntie (Susan Hayward) and child prove the embarrassments, here, to a young man (Tyrone Power) trying to hold a desert relay station against mail-coach bandits.

"THE STEEL HELMET"—The first of the Hollywood films about the war in Korea, practically indistinguishable in style, story and standard characters (assorted infantry types) from other Hollywood films about war anywhere.

"THE ADVENTURERS"—Four men who hate or distrust each other make their way into the interior of Africa to find a cache of stolen diamonds. Jack Hawkins does his best to get things cracking, but it's a long, long trek.

"FAUST AND THE DEVIL"—An odd but not unpleasing musical pastiche, "inspired by Goethe's drama and Gounod's opera," with Italo Tajo and Gino Mattera singing their own parts, and the other voices doubled. Very nice to look at, and neatly synchronised.

"FLESH AND BLOOD."—Screen version of James Bridie's play, *The Sleeping Clergyman.* *Above:* Katherine (Glynis Johns) tells Dr. Cameron (Richard Todd) that the Medical Research Council wants him to go out to Italy to cope with an epidemic.

★ ★ ★ AT THE

REVIEWS *by C. A. LEJEUNE*

"FOURTEEN HOURS"

EVERY now and then the American film team scores a smashing victory with some champion stroke that makes the other contestants look like patball-players.

Such a stroke is *Fourteen Hours,* in which a young man climbs out on to a narrow ledge fifteen storeys above a busy New York street, and stays there, making up his mind whether to jump or not to jump, from the morning rush hour until night, while the crowds below grow denser, the city police force goes wild with anxiety, and the newspaper, radio and television network hum like bees before a swarming.

That is all there is to the story, but you will be astounded to find how much can be done with such a simple notion. The film never loses sight for more than an instant of the man on the ledge—and as an exercise in photographing the same subject in different lights, from different angles, straight and reflected, *Fourteen Hours* is masterly, and it reinforces the main drama with all sorts of lesser dramas touched off by it. There is something to be said about, and by, a score of people whose orderly day has been upset by the act of the undetermined suicide. As the film goes on, the cast gathers: frantic hotel executives; hierarchies of police officials; learned psychiatrists, called in to give the young man's mind a quick going-over; his parents; his sweetheart, and onlookers, cynical, fascinated or indignant, who can't tear themselves away from the free spectacle until they know whether he will or won't jump.

I am not going to tell you how the film ends, though dozens will. *Fourteen Hours* is an experience to be taken fresh, or not at all. It is my duty to warn you that it is a thoroughly exhausting experience, and if you happen to be one of those people with a horror of heights, I can't recommend it. But I don't know of any current film in London that is better acted, more shrewdly directed, and cuts nearer to the bone of drama.

The whole cast is good, but Richard Basehart and Paul Douglas are the actors you are most likely to remember. Mr. Douglas plays a homely Irish traffic cop, who hasn't the remotest idea what the learned psychiatrists are talking about, but knows that if he can sit on the window-sill long enough, and talk to the young man about simple things like flounders and fishing, there is a chance that he can win his confidence. His instinct proves to be right—and it is an accurate touch in the film that it shows, when the tumult and shouting dies, that nobody is really grateful.

Mr. Basehart plays the young man. His is the more difficult part. He has little to do except stand on a ledge, smoking an occasional cigarette, registering various shades of uncertainty, megalomania and terror. Two square yards, at most, confine his activities. All he is free to work with is face, eyes and hands: no more; but he makes them do.

★

"FLESH AND BLOOD"

THE British film *Flesh and Blood* is neither remarkably good, nor especially bad, but its cast and distinguished pedigree entitle it to some consideration. It is a screen adaptation by Anatole de Grunwald of James Bridie's play *The Sleeping Clergyman,* and it follows the fortunes of three generations of a Scottish family, beginning in 1867, and ending soon after the First World War.

The second and third generation of Camerons are not legally entitled to the name, since they are born on the wrong side of the blanket; but they are Cameron flesh and blood, as the title suggests, so we will retain the family name for convenience.

The first Cameron is a brilliant but socially impossible young medical student, who seduces his best friend's sister in a dingy Glasgow boarding-house, just before he dies of tuberculosis. The second Cameron is the offspring of this association, an equally impossible young woman who conceives a son by the family coachman and jumps off a cliff like Dreaming Olwen, after slipping poison into her paramour's whisky. The third Cameron is a wild young man who inherits his grandfather's looks (which is not surprising, since he is played by the same actor) as well as his grandfather's interest in bacteriology, but he has a stamina that was missing in both the previous generations. He joins the R.A.M.C. and wins a medal, which he promptly tosses to the nearest prostitute, throws Glasgow into a turmoil with his demands for a research laboratory, gets one, and eventually wipes out the blot from the family scutcheon by checking a plague epidemic in the Middle East.

The most arduous acting task falls to André Morell, who is on the screen almost from first to last, with nothing much to do but behave like an affectionate brother, uncle and great-uncle. George Cole, who has played enough Bridie on the stage to make a good fist of the Scots accent, has a short, satisfactory part as the rogue of a groom, and Richard Todd, as the first and third Cameron, is splendid. Joan Greenwood, the second Cameron, is as pretty as a picture, but her tricks of speech are getting so pronounced that I don't think I heard more than one word in three of all she uttered. Glynis Johns, as the girl in the third episode, has little to do, but everything she does is a sheer delight, and her belated arrival on the scene was a wonderful pick-me-up to one rather weary spectator in the stalls.

CINEMA ★ ★ ★

PREVIEW

GEORGE BROWN and Ken Annakin, producer and director of *Hotel Sahara*, have planned this film to be the 1951 Festival of Britain comedy. The story s set in the wartime Western Desert. Emad, the proprietor of a luxury hotel situated by an oasis, finds himself suddenly involved in the conflict by the ntry of Italy into the war. He is persuaded by his fiancée, Yasmin, to remain and try to protect his roperty, thus ensuring their future life together. But, as the fortunes of war ebb and flow across the esert, he becomes alternately in danger and embarrassment when both sides in turn try to use him their own purposes. In the end, however, he cceeds in preserving his life, his property and his ncée, and peace comes once more to the hotel. ter Ustinov co-stars with Yvonne de Carlo, (of whom hotograph in colour appears elsewhere in this issue), d other leading parts are taken by Roland Culver, ert Lieven, David Tomlinson and Bill Owen. e should be seeing the film in London early in May.

ht: Emad (Peter Ustinov) considers Yasmin vonne de Carlo) to be altogether too hospitable the troops who are occupying the hotel during a desert battle.

ow: Captain Cheynie (David Tomlinson) drives to make contact with Arab tribesmen, escorted Emad (Peter Ustinov), and seen off by Private Binns (Bill Owen ; left).

HERE'S INFLATION FOR YOU!

IF we haven't got inflation in Britain yet, here's an American who can show us how. Wally Boag makes an art and a living from it. Blowing up his balloons, he twists them this way and that, joins them together and produces a fantastic rubber menagerie of pink elephants, green giraffes, blue horses. In a matter of seconds he can create a French poodle, blue-eyed and yellow-tailed; and in a matter of minutes he fashioned the airy costume you see here. Speaking for ourselves, we can't think of a better use for inflation.

SCREEN.—Richard Basehart, a new American actor with the face and promise of a young Olivier, who spends the greater part of *Fourteen Hours* perched on a fifteenth-storey ledge with no room to move, but gets a hundred different shadings into his rôle.

C. A. Lejeune

STAGE.—Julie Wilson : For the way in which she points Cole Porter's best song, "Always true to you (in my fashion)," in *Kiss Me, Kate* at the Coliseum.

J. C. Trewin

CHOICE OF THE MONTH

Selected by our Panel of Experts

LITERATURE.—Admiral of the Fleet Viscount Cunningham of Hyndhope, K.T., G.C.B., O.M., for his *A Sailor's Odyssey*. It was bound to be a duty to read this ; he has made it a pleasure as well.

RADIO.—Barbara Couper : For her charming performance as Lady Eastney in the engagingly silly revival of *Mrs. Dane's Defence*, by Henry Arthur Jones.

Frederick Laws

Drawn by Sprod

" MRS. BLAIKIE'S JOINED THE BIRD-LOVERS "

VOCAL CHOREOGRAPHER

FROM the smart night-spots of America—Miami, Hollywood, New York—last year there came to open London's Café de Paris to cabaret an amazing woman—Kay Thompson. She is due back at the Café on April 9 for a season. Tall, slim, fortyish, dressed always in slacks, and with a *corps de ballet* of three young men, she dances, sings and acts; picks up over here a salary of £1000 a week. The performance of this vital personality is of the highest polish and speed; she never puts a foot wrong; herself writes and composes all her satirical numbers, her wickedly-pointed songs. She describes her performance as "vocal choreography." Before becoming a cabaret artist, Kay Thompson was a composer and lyricist for M.G.M. in Hollywood.

WHAT GOES ON

Our Puppets Select Their List of Coming Events

★ *This List went to Press last week, so please check with the Daily Papers.*

CEREMONY

March 29. Princess Margaret will receive purses for the National Union of Teachers' Benevolent and Orphan Fund at the Union's Annual Conference at Llandudno.

April 3. The King will present new Colours to the 1st and 2nd Battalions the Coldstream Guards at Windsor.

April 11. Princess Elizabeth expects to leave Malta for Rome with the Duke of Edinburgh.

ENGAGEMENTS

The engagement is announced between :

The Earl of **March and Kinrara** and Susan, daughter of Col. and Mrs. C. E. **Grenville-Grey**, of Westrop House, Highworth, Wilts.

Michael, son of the late Mr. R. C. **Bonsor** and of Mrs. Bonsor, and Ann-Marie, daughter of Mr. Marc **Wallenburg**, of Stockholm, and of Lady Hambro, of Dixton Manor, near Cheltenham, Glos.

Jonathan, son of Mr. and Mrs. Eric **Craven**, of Ringwell House, Ditcheat, Somerset, and Deirdre, daughter of the Hon. Dennis **Craig**, and of Mrs. Tom Hanbury, and granddaughter of the late Viscount Craigavon, and of the Dowager Viscountess Craigavon, of 9, Thurloe Close, S.W.7.

James, son of the late Mr. Charles G. **Kennaway**, and of Lady Bell, and Susan, daughter of Mr. B. E. **Edmonds**, of The Manor, Fairford, Glos, and of Mrs. Edmonds, of The Round House, Lechlade.

Lieut. Peter **Rouse**, R.N., son of Capt. and Mrs. N. S. Rouse, of Etchilhampton Manor, Devizes, and Elizabeth, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. A. S. **Stringer**, of Jacksons, Langley Burrell, Wilts.

John Michael, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Richard **Stratton**, and Cressida, widow of Jasper Ridley, and daughter of Sir Maurice and Lady Violet **Bonham Carter**.

Ian, son of the late Major William **Buchanan**, M.C., and of Mrs. Buchanan, of Northend House, Stansted, Essex, and Gillian Pamela, daughter of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. J. V. **Hughes-Hallett**, of The Lordship, Much Hadham, Herts.

Lieut.-Comdr. Richard Lionel **Jay**, D.S.C., R.N. (Ret.), son of the late Major and Mrs. C. D. Jay, and Diana Muriel, daughter of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. W. W. **Herring-Cooper**, of Manor House, Stockton, Warminster, Wilts.

Harrie Llyn, son of Col. and Mrs. H. S. **Evans**, of 30, Queen Anne's Gate, S.W.1, and Jillian Elizabeth, daughter of Brigadier and Mrs. H. G. **Wainwright**, of Furze Hill, Farnham, Surrey.

James, son of Dr. and Mrs. F. E. **Raynes**, of California, and Priscilla, daughter of Sir Harold and Lady **MacMichael**, of Nouds, Teynham, Kent.

Viscount Tamworth, only son of Earl and Countess **Ferrers**, of Staunton Harold, Leicestershire, and Annabel Mary, daughter of Brigadier William **Carr**, D.S.O., and Donna Nennella Carr, of Ditchingham Hall, Norfolk.

SPORT

RACING

March 29, 30, 31. LINCOLN. (The Lincolnshire Handicap is on the 31st.)
April 2, 3. Leicester.
" 4-7. Liverpool.
" 9. Nottingham.
" 11, 12. Windsor.
" 13, 14. Newbury, Bogside, Thirsk.

RUGBY FOOTBALL

The following matches will take place at Twickenham :
March 31. The Army *v.* R.A.F.
April 14. Harlequins *v.* London Welsh.
" 28. Seven-a-side Finals.

ENTERTAINMENT

THEATRE NEWCOMERS

"Loaves and Fishes" (New Boltons)—revival of Somerset Maugham's comedy, with Joan Miller.

Shakespeare Memorial Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon—first production of the season, "King Richard II," with Michael Redgrave. Until March 31. April 3-7, "King Henry IV., Part I." Subsequently these two productions will be played alternately.

"Danger Men Working" (Lyric, Hammersmith)—2nd production by the Northern Ireland Theatre Company, April 2. Followed, on April 16, by "The Sham Prince."

Judy Garland (Palladium)—for a 4-week season from April 9.

Billy Cotton and his Band, and Max Bygraves (Prince of Wales)—until April 7. On April 9 for 2 weeks, singer Nellie Lutcher. Followed, on April 23 for 2 weeks, by Bob Hope.

Festival of Shaw One-Act plays (Arts)—opens April 26 and continues until end of July.

MUSIC

At the Royal Albert Hall :

March 28. The Royal Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Sir Thomas Beecham, Bt. Solo pianoforte : Lady Beecham.

April 1. The London National Orchestra conducted by Stanford Robinson. A concert of Music from the Ballet ; solo pianoforte : Meyer Rosenstein.

April 4. Mozart's Mass in C minor. The B.B.C. Choral Society and the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra conducted by Sir Thomas Beecham, Bt.

April 5. The Payling Musical Society presents the London Symphony Orchestra conducted by Victor Olof. Soloists : Jasmyn Kell and George Delderfield.

April 6. The New Era Concert Society presents the London Symphony Orchestra conducted by Hans Schmidt-Isserstedt. Solo pianoforte : Gieseking.

April 8. The London Symphony Orchestra conducted by Royalton Kisch. Solo pianoforte : Sheila Randell.

April 9. The Philharmonia Orchestra conducted by Paul Kletzki, with Elisabeth Schwarzkopf.

April 12. The Alexandra Choir presents Mendelssohn's Elijah, with Ena Mitchell, Freda Townson, William Herbert and Hervey Alan, and the London Symphony Orchestra conducted by Charles Proctor.

April 15. Handel's Messiah, with the B.B.C. Choral Society and the New London Orchestra conducted by Leslie Woodgate.

OPERA

At Royal Opera House, Covent Garden : The Covent Garden Opera Company open their new season on April 2 with "La Traviata." They give "Tosca" on the second performance.

At Sadler's Wells : the opera season continues. On April 10 the first performance in England of "Katya Kabanova" will be given.

BALLET

At Royal Opera House, Covent Garden : Sadler's Wells Ballet give "Le Lac des Cygnes." On April 5 the first performance of a new ballet "Daphnis and Chloe" will be given, with Margot Fonteyn and Michael Somes.

At Sadler's Wells : ballet performances are given on Tuesday evenings and Saturday matinées.

ART

At Victoria and Albert Museum : newly-opened Gallery of Oil Painting and Renaissance Galleries.

At the Guildhall : Royal Drawing Society "Children's Royal Academy," April 16-28.

At the Tate Gallery : Eton Leaving Portraits. April 11.

At Institute of Contemporary Arts, 17, Dover Street : Paintings from Haiti. Until April 10. Graham Sutherland Retrospective Exhibition. Opening April 11.

Paintings by Bernard Buffet, at Lefevre Gallery, 30, Bruton Street. April 5-28.

104th Exhibition of the New English Art Club, at New Burlington Galleries, Old Burlington Street, W.1. Until April 10.

Women's International Art Club, at R.B.A. Galleries, Suffolk Street, Pall Mall. April 7-28.

139th Exhibition of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-colours. Until April 28

Othon Friesz, at Marlborough, 17, Old Bond Street. Until April 14.

Paintings by Helion. Sculpture by Wotruba. Hanover Gallery, 32a, St. George's Street, Hanover Square. April 10.

Fauve Painting in France and Abroad, at Roland, Browse and Delbanco, 19, Cork Street, W.1. Until April 21.

French 18th and 19th Century Paintings, at Wildenstein Gallery, 147, New Bond Street.

Warsaw—Poland Rebuilds her Capital, at R.W.S. Galleries, 26, Conduit Street, W.1. Until April 12.

SOCIAL EVENTS

The New Forest Hunt Ball will take place at Rhinefield, Brockenhurst, Hants, on March 30.

The world première of the film "Captain Horatio Hornblower, R.N.", at Warner Theatre, Leicester Square, in aid of King George's Fund for Sailors and the Foudroyant Appeal, on April 12. Princess Margaret will attend.

The Woodland Pytchley Hunt Race Ball will take place at Deene Park on April 21.

The Grove Hunt Point-to-Point Ball will take place at Serlby Hall on April 27.

The Red Cross Ball (Chelsea Division) will take place at the Dorchester on April 27.

The Wilton Hunt Ball will take place at the Assembly Rooms, Salisbury, on April 27.

The Lord's Taverners' Ball, in aid of the National Playing Fields Association will take place in the Great Room, Grosvenor House, on April 30. Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh will attend.

ENGAGEMENTS

Joan Pitt.

Miss Susan Grenville-Grey, who has announced her engagement to the Earl of March, son of the Duke of Richmond and Gordon.

Lenare.

Miss Deirdre Craig, whose marriage to Mr. Jonathan Craven will take place shortly. (See opposite page.)

Pearl Freeman.

Mlle. Thérèse Husson, daughter of General and Mme. Husson, who announced her engagement to Lord Stanley of Alderley on March 6.

Pearl Freeman.

Miss Ann-Marie Wallenburg, who has announced her engagement to Mr. Michael Bonsor. (See opposite page.)

Dorothy Wilding.

Miss Felicity Harrison, who is to marry Major the Hon. Desmond Chichester, M.C., on April 12.

Pearl Freeman. *Douglas.*

Viscount Tamworth and Miss Annabel Mary Carr, who have announced their engagement. (See opposite page.)

Yevonde.

Miss Janet Ramsden, who is to marry Captain Peter Needham at Holy Trinity, Sloane Street, on March 30.

Harlip.

Miss Moyra McMaster, who is to marry Mr. Simon Molloy on April 14.

ENTERTAINMENT

McBean.

Hilde Zadek, of the Vienna State Opera, sings the name-part in *Tosca* at Covent Garden. (See opposite page.)

Vickers.

Michael Redgrave plays *Richard II.*, which opened the 1951 season at Stratford last week. (See opposite page.)

Vivienne.

Peter Ustinov wrote and plays in *The Love of Four Colonels*, now on tour, soon for the West End.

Marilyn Maxwell co-stars with Bob Hope in *The Lemon Drop Kid* at the Plaza Theatre, London.

Judy Garland, singing and dancing film star, makes her first appearance over here at the Palladium on April 9.

Landseer.

Jon Pertwee, comedian and raconteur, who is now appearing in cabaret at the Café de Paris.

Felix Fonteyn.

Michael Somes dances in Frederick Ashton's new ballet, *Daphnis and Chloe*, at Covent Garden. (See opposite page.)

Hy Hazell opened in cabaret at the Embassy Club, Bond Street, last week.

SPRING GOES TO YOUR HEAD

By Veronica Lee

PSYCHOLOGICALLY—to a woman at this time of year—a new hat is a "must." It should have the new line and the new tilt, preferably be of straw and, for good measure, bedecked with ribbons or flowers. Here are three which have all this and that spring feeling, too.

Above: To be worn with the forward tilt, this picot straw hat in rose and white from Harrods. White grosgrain ribbon accentuates the crown in two rolls, forms the underbrim and butterflies out in a bow at the back. Harrods will make it in a variety of other colours.

Top, right: Mai Zetterling wears this little Madge Card model in coarse black straw upturned with velvet and perched with two flame-coloured roses. From Marshall and Snelgrove, who will also copy it in other colours at just under £8.

Right: The forward line which amounts almost to a peak. Front half, yellow straw covered with yellow flower petals; back half, black velvet. Note the hatpins which are inserted through tiny holes in the velvet and attached by gold chains. From Debenham and Freebody's model millinery department.

By Appointment
Makers of Weatherproof Clothing
to H.M. The King

COSTUME SMARTNESS

is exemplified in this Burberry Spring Model, extreme simplicity of line allied to rich quality material in Glenurquhart, Gamefeather, and District Tweeds.

Shoes & Hat by Burberrys.

EXPORT. Articles can be bought free of Purchase Tax for mailing to your home address or for delivery to your port of embarkation.

BURBERRYS

HAYMARKET · LONDON · S.W.1

Telephone: WHItehall 3343

BURBERRYS LTD.

Made by W. O. PEAKE LTD., *Wholesale and Export*

NIGHT AND DAY

By Veronica Lee

SHIRTS and sweaters now have their place all round the clock—checks and stripes, silk and cotton for daytime; shimmering with lamé or dolled up with stoles for evening.

Above Jaeger's pure silk shirt, striped or checked in colours blue/white, grey/white, or brown/white. At 8½ guineas from Jaeger House, Regent Street.

At top left is a suggestion for evening or cocktail wear from Simpson, Piccadilly—a jersey stole (made in Capri, Italy) with a double fringe in two colours. At £11 12s., it comes in a variety of shades, including black. The model in picture is grey and pink, and under it is a grey sweater threaded with gold lamé, price £5 16s. Simpson's Capri range also includes a selection of shawls and mantillas, from 5½ guineas upwards.

Ideal for holidays, this London Pride model in French piqué material called Pikalba. Interwoven with self-coloured satin stripes on collar, cuffs and pocket, it comes in white and pastel shades at 3½ guineas.

Correction; In our issue of February 28, we illustrated an evening frock, "Young Laughter," from Joy Ricardo's Little Salon at 33, Hans Place, S.W.1. Unfortunately we misspelt the first name Jan instead of Joy, and herewith offer our apologies.

Our collection
of new Spring materials
awaits your inspection

Bernard Weatherill Ltd

55 CONDUIT STREET, LONDON, W.1
11 BENNETT'S HILL, BIRMINGHAM, and at ALDERSHOT and ASCOT

Jacqmar
fashion fabrics
by-the-yard are
also used exclusively
in the Jacqmar
ready-to-wear coats
and suits at

Jacqmar

16 GROSVENOR STREET LONDON W.1

For Colds
use the
VAPEX
INHALER

1/6

Whether you have a cold or wish to avoid infection, always carry a Vapex Inhaler with you. In handbag or pocket it is unobtrusive and always convenient. Breathe the pleasant antiseptic vapour frequently, especially when indoors.

VAPEX-VOLATOL Chest Rub

For Chest Colds, here is Vapex in ointment form — non-greasy and non-staining. It warms, soothes and penetrates.

Of all Chemists

1/9

THOMAS KERFOOT & CO. LTD

V288

for sheer loveliness

TUDOROSE
FULLY FASHIONED Stockings

The Odd Half-Page

THE BIRD-RINGERS GET BUSY

By Frank Stuart

WHILE politicians rant and threaten, the silent internationale of the bird-ringers all over the world is going into action. Out on the muddy Severn marshes, in a corrugated-iron hut on a Danish fjord, in a beehive dwelling on the African veldt, and 'way up among Alaskan snows, as well as in 10,000 other places about the spinning world, men are getting out rings with numbered aluminium tabs; and in the next month or two those tabs will be flying round the earth, attached to the tucked-up legs of a myriad birds.

Some of those birds will fly in flocks numbering two or three *millions*. Think of 6,000,000 wings swishing through the clouds in one vast multitude, reaching from horizon to horizon! Some, such as the arctic tern, will fly 11,000 miles from winter home in the Antarctic to summer dwelling in the Arctic. Some, such as the little golden plover, will cover a round trip of about 20,000 miles in six months before the men who "ring" them have a chance to check them in again.

A lapwing ringed in England in December, 1927, was checked twenty-four hours later by a bird-ringer in Newfoundland; the fairylike thing had flown more than 2200 miles at 55 m.p.h. non-stop through a tremendous Atlantic winter gale. When trapped and checked in Newfoundland, it did not seem specially tired or hungry, so it must have had time for drinking, feeding and preening after arrival.

Partly from observations by helicopter, and partly by reports from the world's bird-ringers on birds observed hundreds or thousands of miles from their starting-places, it has been discovered that the flyers now taking part in the colossal and world-wide springtime migration can travel at approximately the following speeds: Wild ducks, 50 m.p.h.; swallows, 45 m.p.h.; larks and pipits, about 30 m.p.h.; swifts, 70 m.p.h.; blackbirds, 22 m.p.h.; crows, 40 m.p.h. These are what may be termed "fast touring speeds"; they can be greatly excelled in necessity. The swift, for example, can exceed 100 m.p.h.

Some birds are trapped painlessly when adult; others are taken as nestlings. The bird-ringer fastens the tiny numbered aluminium ring on the bird's leg, and lets it free. The ring does no harm, and when the bird is trapped elsewhere, perhaps two or three times, its journeyings can be estimated. There is an international exchange of records concerning ringed birds.

After flying perhaps half-way round the world, against storms of wind, rain, hail and snow, over trackless oceans and enormous prairies and mountain ranges, perhaps having to diverge great distances to avoid enemies of the air, land or water, birds return to the identical spot from which they set out. So ringers not infrequently find in their traps birds which they themselves have numbered previously, and which since then have been to the Arctic or the tropics—or, if the bird is a passage-migrant, merely pausing here on its long journey—perhaps both.

At this moment millions of swallows are coming, like feathered bullets, towards England from South Africa, 5000 miles away. They wing their way over illimitable stretches of veldt, with its tall grass waving, over herds of elephants in tropical forests, over the burning sands of the Sahara, and through Spain and France to our villages and towns. The same birds come back to the same nests they used last year.

Major R. E. Cheesman, who has watched swallow flocks crossing the Abyssinian Mountains, 10,000 ft. above sea-level, saw the "river of birds" pour over a cliff edge like a black torrent and swoop straight down the precipice an enormous distance vertically to the lower land far below. They were coming northward towards England.

No one knows how they find their way, these migrant billions of various sorts of birds, some as big as crows, some as tiny as an eggcupful of feathered dust. Birds have wonderful memories; but then the young of some breeds make a 6000-mile migration *before* the adults leave the nesting-grounds, and these young birds accurately arrive at the southern home from which their parents set out the previous spring. So it is not only memory that guides them. Experiments have disproved theories that they are guided by the electro-magnetic forces in the earth. And we know they do not need the sun or the stars as guides, because they can fly in thick fog.

Sometimes, bird-ringers help the migrants. A few years ago, in a blizzard, tens of thousands of swallows were forced down in Vienna streets. Local naturalists collected 89,000 of them, put them aboard aircraft, flew them about 200 miles on their way to warmer climes, released them—and they took wing strongly and successfully onwards. Sometimes, Nature is cruel. A bird-ringer a year or two ago saw three-quarters of a million Lapland buntings dead on the frozen surface of two little lakes.

Northern-hemisphere birds generally migrate northward in spring, southwards in autumn. If they outrun the advancing warmth, they may suffer terrible casualties. Hawks, foxes, men with guns, and a thousand other foes, try to intercept them. In misty weather thousands may become hypnotised by the light from lighthouses or tall city buildings, and dash themselves to death. Starvation, storm and peril lie in wait along the skyways that stretch and intersect all over the earth.

Yet every spring our hearts warm as we see the migrants arrive, twittering, singing, darting swift as gracenotes through the sky. They bring us hope.

You can't feel good if your feet feel bad. For real foot comfort you must insist on shoes with Martin's "ALBION GRAIN" Uppers. This good looking, tough, yet pliable Upper Leather is an ideal Sports or Walking Shoe. It is good to wear and good to look at. For the sake of your feet, insist on Footwear with Martin's Famous Upper Leathers.

We do not manufacture footwear, but if you experience difficulty in obtaining shoes with Martin's "ALBION GRAIN" Upper Leather, write to us for the name of a supplier.

WHEN BUYING SHOES, LOOK FOR THE MARTIN'S SCOTCH ALBION GRAIN UPPER LEATHER LABEL

W. & J. MARTIN LTD. (TANNERS) GLASGOW

BARACUTA (CLOTHIERS) LIMITED · MANCHESTER · Also U.S.A. and CANADA

Gleneagles

PERTHSHIRE

Britain's Distinguished Hotel for Fashionable Recreation

which attracts its clientele from all over the world.

Enquiries for accommodation will receive the personal attention of the Resident Manager.

OPEN EASTER TO OCTOBER

The Hotels Executive, British Transport, London, N.W.1

ECCLES "ALERT"

MARK II

Graceful in line, compact yet roomy, this 14-ft. four-berth caravan embodies all the skill and refinement of 30-years manufacturing experience. All aluminium exterior, hardboard interior and metal windows. Dunlopillo mattresses, fitted wardrobe, cocktail cabinet, full domestic equipment and ample locker accommodation.

Write for catalogue of the "Alert" Mk. II, and the "Advance."

ECCLES (BIRMINGHAM) LTD., 123 HAZELWELL LANE, BIRMINGHAM 30

The finest value in Men's Socks

There's nothing to equal 'Dayella'

REGD.

IF IT SHRINKS WE REPLACE

WILLIAM HOLLINS & CO. LTD. DAY & NIGHT WEAR NOTTINGHAM

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF 'VIYELLA' AND 'CLYDELLA'
WILLIAM HOLLINS & COMPANY LIMITED NOTTINGHAM

Valstar The Aristocrat of Overcoats

Write for the name of your nearest stockist to:

VALSTAR LTD. · 314 REGENT STREET · LONDON, W.1

Lubrication on your mind?

Use Price's ENERGOL MOTOR OIL

Our business is more than turning cars out of a factory. They've got to run easily and stay out of repair shops. When we recommend an oil we don't take any chances. The back-room boys tested Energol. Then we tried it out on the road. Now we not only recommend it, but I use it in my own car. Yes, use Price's ENERGOL THE OILIEST OIL *says the motor manufacturer.*

RECOMMENDED BY LEADING BRITISH MOTOR CAR MANUFACTURERS

The best idea FOR THE *Festival Year*

A TRIP TO SOUTH AFRICA

The cool season—May to August—is the best time to visit the Kruger National Park, the Natal Coast and the Victoria Falls.

Particulars from:—
Head Office:
3 Fenchurch Street, London, E.C.3.
West End Passenger Agency:
125 Pall Mall, S.W.1.

by UNION-CASTLE
A Tonic in itself

First-class Fares to Cape Town from £70 to £144.
(Some Cabin Class Accommodation available)

WELCOMBE HOTEL
STRATFORD-UPON-AVON

Shakespeare's genius immortalised not only his memory but the Countryside he knew so well in leafy Warwickshire, especially at the Welcombe Hotel, the beautiful grounds of which were once part of his estate.

Enquiries for accommodation will receive the personal attention of the Resident Manager.

HOTELS EXECUTIVE · LONDON N.W.1

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS

POST your FILMS to WILL R. ROSE LTD

23 BRIDGE STREET ROW, CHESTER
133/134 HIGH STREET, OXFORD
25 THE PROMENADE, CHELTENHAM

and get 'MAGNA PRINTS' (Regd)

There are over 90,000 Receiving Stations—your nearest pillar box is one of them!

WELL TAILORED COMFORT

Coat shirts by VANTELLA

COTELLA LTD OXFORD STREET W1

Torquay Hydro Hotel

Fashionable, Dignified and Quietly Elegant

Re-furnished with every modern device for supreme comfort

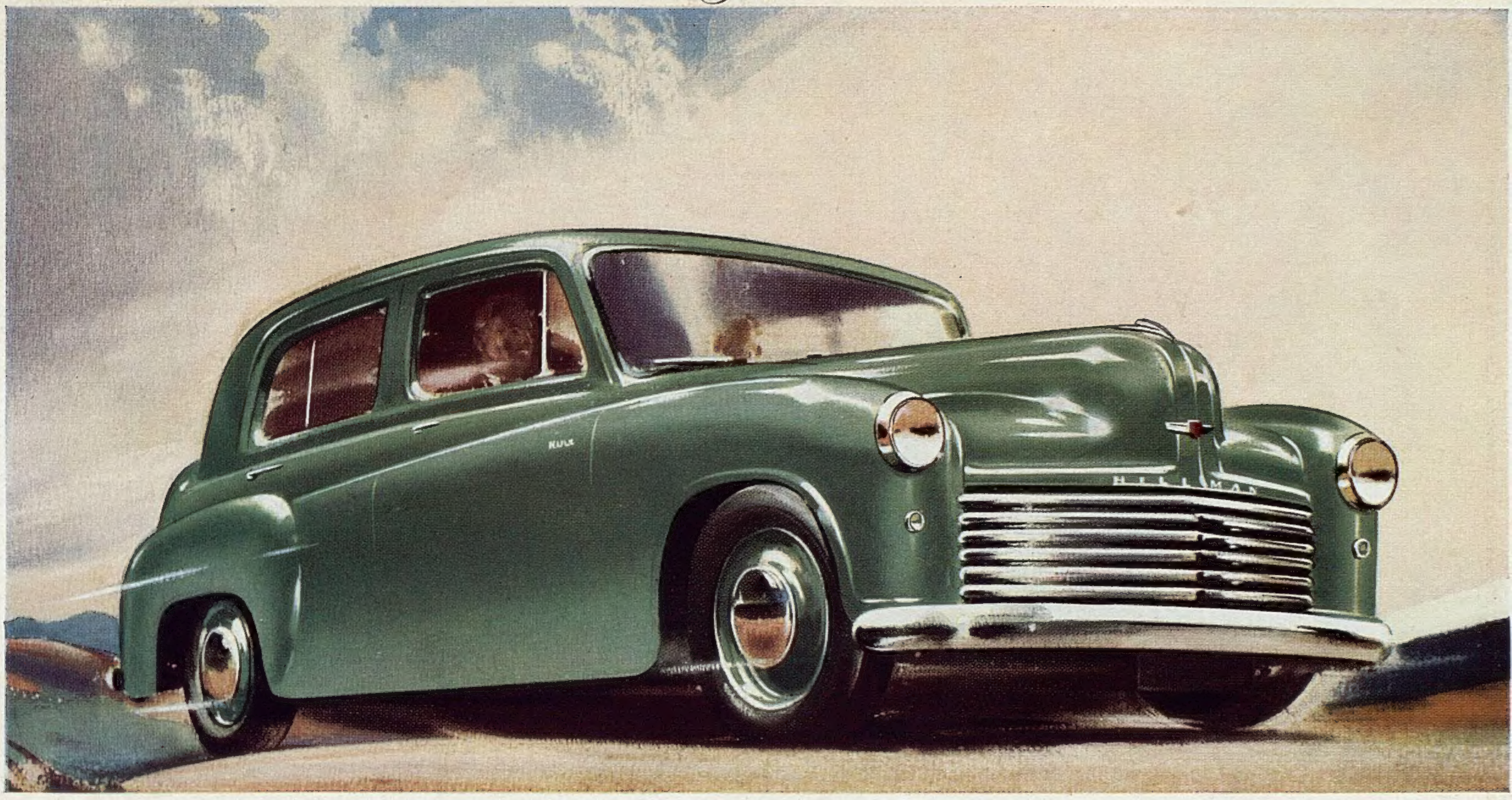
Ballroom — Billiard Room
Cocktail Bar

Perfection in Cuisine, Wines and Service

Uniquely Beautiful Coastal Views

Manager
John Collier

Telephone:
Torquay 7633 (3 lines)



You get so much more out of the Minx!

. . . more power when it is most needed—
at the start and on the hills,
thanks to the famous Minx plus-power engine.
More reliability—because the Minx
has been proved and improved continuously
for 19 years. More economy too—
more miles to the gallon, and the low upkeep costs
of a car built to stand up to hard going
anywhere in the world.
You get so much more out of the Minx!

. . . and you get so much more into it!

. . . measured by its riding comfort,
its perfect vision, its looks and feel, the Minx is a big car.
Every inch is used to good advantage—
from the wide divan-type front seat
to the spacious enclosed luggage accommodation.
Yet no full size family car was ever so easy
to park or manoeuvre in traffic, so
economical to run. You get so much more into the Minx!

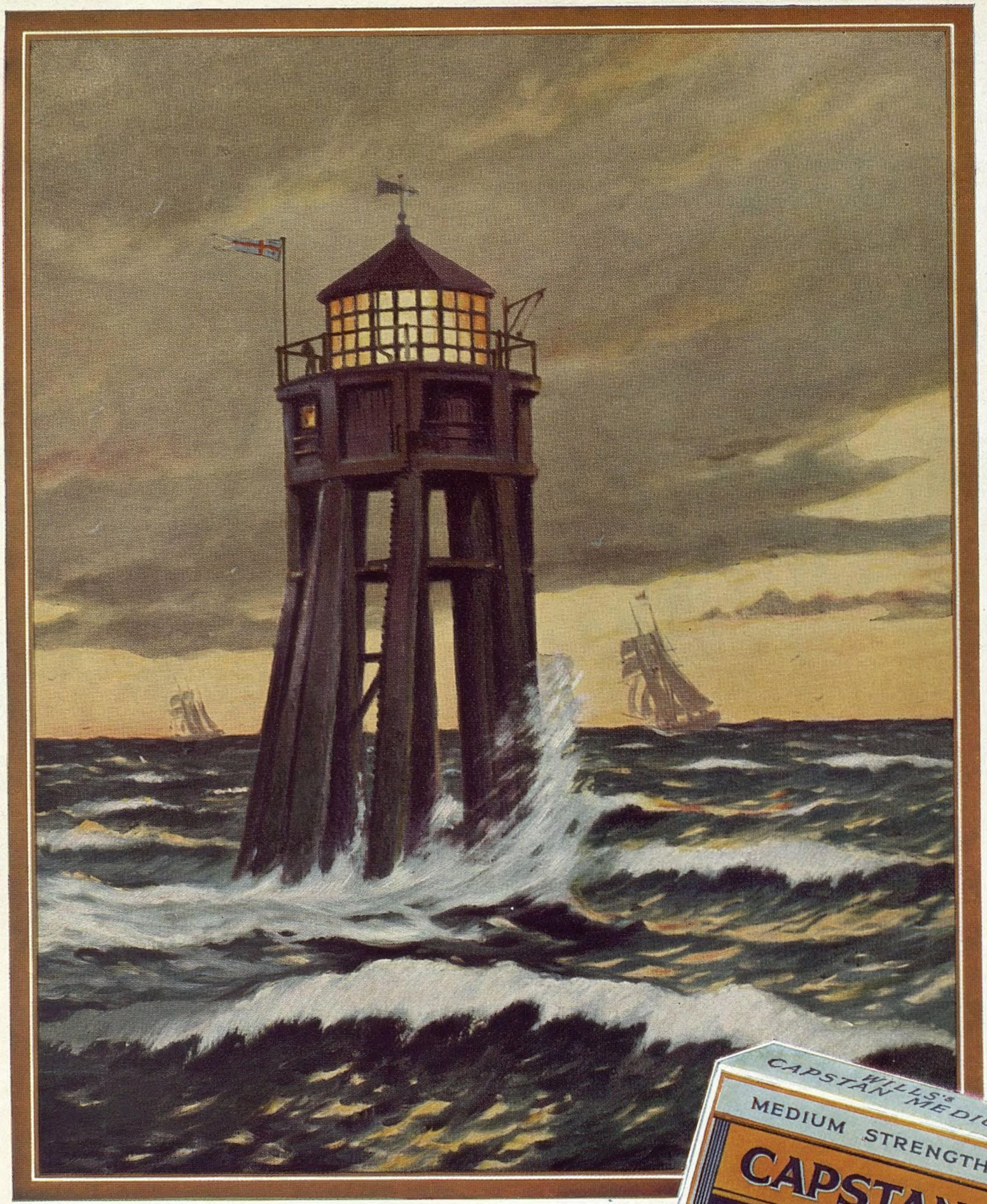
THE HILLMAN Minx Magnificent

SALOON £425 *plus purchase tax* · CONVERTIBLE COUPE · ESTATE CAR

A PRODUCT OF THE ROOTES GROUP

HILLMAN MOTOR CAR CO. LTD. COVENTRY   LONDON SHOWROOMS & EXPORT DIVISION: ROOTES LTD. DEVONSHIRE HOUSE PICCADILLY LONDON W.1

CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY.—This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely, that it shall not, without the written consent of the publisher first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price of 2s., and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade, or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.



The "Smalls" Lighthouse . . . 1776

It was in 1773 that Mr. Phillips of Liverpool determined to perform " a great and holy good " by building a lighthouse on The Smalls, a group of rocky islets near St. David's Head.

This worthy man had taken to heart the frequent shipwrecks there—for The Smalls were a part of his possessions.

Henry Whiteside, a musical instrument maker chosen to construct the lighthouse because his charges would be less than those of professional engineers, must have been a minor genius. His skeleton tower, depicted here, built first of iron but soon rebuilt in oak, weathered immense stresses for 80 years.

In 1855 it was replaced by a granite tower which continues (in Mr. Phillips' words) " to serve and save humanity ".

No. 3 "LIGHTHOUSE" SERIES

Made by W. D. & H. O. WILLS, Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland). Ltd cc737c

Printed in England by The Illustrated London News and Sketch, Ltd., Milford Lane, London, W.C.2, and Published Fortnightly at the Office, Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1. Wednesday, March 28, 1951. Re-entered as Second-Class Matter, August 15, 1941, at the Post Office at New York (N.Y.), under the Act of March 3, 1879.
Postage Rates :—Inland 2d. Canada 1d. Elsewhere Abroad 2d.